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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1847. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR.

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For the Register.

A VISIT TO DOVER, N. H. AND TO THE SCHOOLS IN FRANKLIN COUNTY, MASS.

The Sunday School connected with the Unitarian Church and Society, Dover N. H., held a public anniversary in their large Church, on Wednesday evening of last week. This School and Society are now in a more prosperous condition than for some time past. John W. Kingman, Esq. is the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and by his indefatigable exertions, and devoted and most acceptable labors, has, within a year, more than doubled the number of its pupils. On this occasion the School occupied, in noble array, the body pews of the Church, while their parents, and friends invited from, and belonging to, other Societies in the place, filled it nearly to overflowing. A select choir who sung with much skill and effect, commenced the services of the evening. Rev. Mr. Tilden, who in the absence of Rev. Mr. Parkman in Europe, acts as Pastor of the Society, addressed in a most impressive manner the Throne of Grace; after which, and a hymn having been sung, the children were addressed by Mr. Pray, and the teachers and parents, by Rev. C. Brooks of Boston, both of whom were present by invitation as agents of the Sunday School Society. Music in which the children and congregation united, and a benediction from the Pastor, closed the services of this interesting, and as we trust, useful occasion; by which as we believe such an impetus has been given to the School as will not soon pass away.

VISIT TO FRANKLIN COUNTY.

During the last month, one of these agents made a most interesting visit to some of the Sunday Schools in the County of Franklin, Massachusetts. He left the city on a Monday morning, and at 4 o'clock the same afternoon he met the "Franklin Evangelical Association" at the house of Rev. John F. Moors, Deerfield. In the evening there was a public service at the Unitarian (brick) Church in that town. Sermon by Rev. Mr. McIntire of Brattleboro', Vt. Text, Matthew xxviii: 19. "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations. The devotional exercises of the occasion were by Rev. Mr. Nightingale, of Cabotville. On the next day, forenoon, a Dissertation was read to the Association by Rev. Mr. Moors; after which there was a learned and interesting discussion on the subject of demoniacal possessions, in which Rev. Dr. Willard of Deerfield, and most of the other members took an active part. The business of the Association was closed at noon.

In the afternoon the Agent rode with the Rev. O. C. Everett to the place of his residence, at Northfield. On the following day at 3 o'clock, P. M., there was a public meeting at the Unitarian Church in that town, of the Sunday School connected with the Society of which he is Pastor. Parents and friends were also present. Here the devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Mr. E., and addresses were made to the children, teachers and parents by the Agent from Boston, and Rev. Mr. Bridge of Bernardston.

On the following day rode to Bernardston, with Rev. Mr. E., and there met the Sunday School of which Rev. Mr. Bridge is Pastor. When we arrived, the School and teachers were in waiting. Here the children and teachers were addressed by the Agent, and by the Rev. Mr. Bridge, the latter conducting the devotional exercises. Returned to Northfield, and on the succeeding day proceeded to Montague, where the Society, over which Rev. Mr. Hadley is Pastor, were assembled in the evening; at which time addresses were made on the subject of religious education by the Agent, and by Messrs. Everett and Hadley. The other services as usual. On the day following went by stage to Rowe, a distance of about thirty miles, requiring however, in consequence of the hills to be overcome, the most of the day for the purpose. On Sunday, the Agent addressed the parents in the forenoon, and the children and teachers in the afternoon. The other exercises as usual. The house was full, the audience most attentive, and the occasion one of unusual interest. On Sunday evening went to Greenfield, and on Monday returned to Boston.

By this visit, occupying eight days, the agent had an opportunity to meet most of the clergymen of this ministerial association, and to ascertain the condition of all their schools and parishes. He travelled 335 miles; made 5 addresses, distributed 500 Juvenile Tracts; and 100 of Tract No 1 for Teachers, on their Duties, Encouragements and Reward. The result is, that all the Schools, and the Societies of this Association, are, upon the whole, in a better condition, than when he made a similar visit there, six years ago. Then, the Society at Montague was a feeble one. Now, it is self-supporting, and in connexion with a village called the "city," is becoming strong. Then, the Church at Rowe was an old, unsightly, and an uncomfortable one—wholly unfit for the purposes of sacred worship. Now, they have a neat, pleasant, appropriate, a well-built, and a well-located house; the Society has much increased, and a deeper interest is felt in the subject of religion, and the diffusion of Christian truth. Rev. Mr. Stearns, in his isolated situation, finds under these circumstances, that his position is made much more agreeable, and he labors on with renewed energy and devotion. The other Societies at Deerfield, Northfield, Brattleboro', Bernardston, Charlemont and Shelburne Falls, Warwick and Athol, are now all supplied with a regular ministry, and their condition is as eligible as at any previous period. Greenfield was the only place we found without a pastor or preaching.

In conclusion we would say, that this visit was an exceedingly pleasant one; the children, whom we met, appeared to enjoy their meetings and to be attached to their teachers and the schools; and we cannot but entertain the hope and belief, that with the returning season these schools will be renewed, and the pupils and eachers return to them with a new and better spirit and with a still greater earnestness and fidelity. P.

THE EXPERIENCE OF CONVERSION.

I meddle not with the dispute respecting conversion, whether and in what sense, necessary to all Christians. It is sufficient for my purpose, that a very large number of men, even in Christian countries, need to be converted, and that not a few, I trust have been. The tenet becomes fanatical and dangerous only when rare and extraordinary exceptions are made to be the general rule;—when what was vouchsafed to the apostle of the Gentiles by especial grace, and for an especial purpose, namely a conversion begun and completed in the same moment, is demanded or expected of all men as a necessary sign and pledge of their election. Late observations have shown, that under many circumstances the magnetic needle, even after the disturbing influence has been removed, will keep wavering and require many days before it points aright, and remains steady to the pole. So is it ordinarily with the soul, after it has begun to free itself from the disturbing forces of the flesh and the world, and to convert itself to God. [Aids to Reflection.

THE WILL.

I utterly disclaim the notion, that any human intelligence, with whatever power it might manifest itself, is alone adequate to the office of restoring health to the will. But at the same time I deem it impious and absurd to hold that the Creator would have given to us the faculty of Reason or that the Redeemer would in so many varied forms of argument and persuasion appealed to it, if it had been either totally useless, or wholly impotent. The imperfect human understanding can be effectually exerted only in subordination to and in a dependent alliance with, the means and aidances supplied by the All-perfect, and Supreme Reason; but that under these conditions it is not only an admissible, but a necessary instrument of bettering both ourselves and others. [Ibid.

WESLEY'S LIBERALITY.

Perhaps no Englishman, since the days of Bernard Gilpin has given so much away as did John Wesley. When his income was thirty pounds a year, he lived on twenty-eight, and saved two for charity. Next year he had sixty pounds, and still living on twenty-eight, he had thirty-two to spend. A fourth year raised his income to a hundred and twenty pounds, and steadfast to his plan, the poor got ninety-two. In the year 1775, the Accountant-General sent him a copy of the Excise Order for a return of Plate: "Rev. Sir,—As the Commissioners cannot doubt but you have plate, for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry, &c.," to which he wrote this memorable answer:—"Sir—I have two silver tea-spoons at London and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, JOHN WESLEY." [North British Review.

POWER OF THE PULPIT: ON WHAT IT DEPENDS.

It depends first, and as a prerequisite, especially in this country, upon a well disciplined mind. Natural genius, without cultivation, will sometimes, under favorable circumstances, produce powerful effect. We see it in stump orators, during the canvass of an exciting election. We have felt it in the public confessions of many a recovered drunkard, who, from his own melancholy experience, narrates the woes of them who "tarry long at the wine." The outcry of real distress is always eloquent, so is the burst of unfeigned joy; so is the anthem of salvation shouted by the young convert. But we should remember, that it is not merely an occasional outpouring of emotions, on some one subject what the pulpit, and especially the American pulpit demands. It is a perpetual flow of wise and earnest speech, *a whole life of oratory*, an amount of literary labor paralleled in no other profession. Critics express amazement at the mental fertility of Walter Scott, but every clergyman who composes his two full sermons a week, writes sufficient for five or six moderate sized octavos in the course of a year, and enough for a considerable library during his ministry. It is true that few men accomplish so much; for they find it impossible. They resort to exchanges, to extempore, or to premeditated but unwritten discourses, or to a repetition of some of their best sermons. But with these alleviations, the amount of labor requisite to prepare for the American pulpit, taken in connection with the pastoral and miscellaneous duties of the ministers, is incredible to those who have not experienced it. Now, a mind of moderate capacities, and imperfect cultivation, with sincere piety and apostolic zeal, can produce a few valuable, not to say brilliant discourses. But after a few Sabbaths, certainly after a few months or years, when by frequent repetition, the fire of one's eloquent thoughts has perished, his performances become necessarily flat, sterile and unprofitable. The preacher to sustain himself must be constantly presenting truth in new relations, with new forms of speech, and with fresh emotions. Difficile est propria communia dicere, says a Roman critic, (Ars Poetica 128.) But to speak well on common topics, on the same reiterated themes, is the employment of the minister's life. To do this he must have a mind disciplined to investigation, and furnished with materials of thought. Without it a man can no more make good sermons, week after week, and year after year, than he can make worlds. Even with it, he *may* fail, but without it, failure is unavoidable. Remember he is to speak to the same congregation; to intelligent, shrewd, thinking, New Englanders; to the vigorous, masculine intellects of republican, opinionative Americans; he is to speak on subjects with which many of them have been familiar from their childhood, which they have heard not merely once or twice, but—in respect to those who sit under the same preacher, as is sometimes the case, half a century,—thousands of times. He who could uniformly speak well, under such circumstances; without cultivation, must be more than man.

Nor can a mind *continue* well furnished without continued study. Our collegiate and theological course are perhaps sufficient, by way of professional preparation. But in them we attain only the rudiments. Our acquisitions are our capital, which must be constantly increased to meet increasing wants. Whoever expends upon it, in neglect of all accumulation, will soon become an intellectual bankrupt. And here with all deference we would start an inquiry as to the cause of the prevailing mania in our congregations for young ministers! Why are so many old men turned out of their pulpits, to get their living by the road-side, or even not get it in their profession at all? Is it because they have less experience, less wisdom, less piety, less information than their younger brethren? Certainly *not*. Is it because, as Sampson lost his strength with his hair, men lose their power of efficient speech, as their locks fall off, or begin to change color? Why who is the genius of eloquence in Homer! It is the Pylian *sage*, the patriarch of three generations,

"Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skilled,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled."

Who is the "old man eloquent," of the American Congress! Who but a statesman of almost four score—a man, who if he had been the pastor of a country church, ought, according to the natural course of things, to have been superannuated and laid aside twenty years ago. The stars both of the American and British Senates, are nearly all venerable for years. And no person has yet been thought worthy of the Presidency of the United States, the most responsible office in the world, till he had attained the experience of an aged man. Why then is this general desire to exchange old men for young ones in the pulpit? Among other reasons, may not this be *one?* Amidst the labors of the ministerial profession, in the constant interruptions to which it is exposed, in the severe draughts which are continually made upon the pastor's spirits, is not study too much neglected? Are not "the old acquaintances," if we may whisper such a question among ministers, too often brought forward? "The barrel" too often upturned?—the yellow, blotted manuscript too frequently exposed? Or are not the same generalities, though on fresh paper, too often repeated. We know the ready apology, and it has weight. In the multiplicity and pressure of duties, there is not time for study. But may we not as well reverse the position and say, *in the absolute necessity for study*, there is not time for so many miscellaneous avocations? Why should study so indispensable to success, be placed last in the catalogue of our employments? Ought not this to be a fixed principle with every settled clergyman, that the most sacred purpose for which time is given, next to actual preaching and the cure of souls, is *study?* "Give thyself to reading," said Paul to Timothy,—"Neglect not the gift that is in thee. Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all." We do seriously advise every young minister, if he would give the pulpit its true power, if he desires to retain his situation, to let *study* be the last duty which he neglects. In addition to some general knowledge of the current literature, by which he acquires a perception of present modes of thought, and the condition of the popular mind, let him discipline his powers occasionally at least, if not by mathematical demonstrations, by the close study of such works as Butler's Analogy and Edwards on the Will, by reading the magnificent prose and poetry of Milton, by attention to such delineations of character as are found in Othello and Macbeth. Let him also give some attention to the ancient classics, to those immortal works which always have been and always will be models of good composition. Let him be as deeply read as possible in theology and in theological and general history. Above all, led him meditate upon the Sacred Scriptures, catch the spirit of the sweet psalmist of Israel, and rise to the sublimest of those grand old prophets whose anthems resound like the sea. The New Testament will be the source of his authority, the chief fountain of his eloquence. The masters of Christian oratory are Paul and John, and—bowing reverently at the name,—Jesus. "Never man spake like this man." [Bibliotheca Sacra.

THE STATE OF RELIGION IN THE ORTHODOX CHURCHES.

The following letter is from a clergyman, eighty years old, in the State of Maine, and is addressed to the "Christian Mirror." Our readers will not make much account of the *Calvinistic* reason assigned in part for the state of things lamented. But they will see that important facts are presented from interesting points of view; that there are hints, too, which may be profitably considered by other preachers besides the Orthodox; and we are sure they will thank us for making them acquainted with "Father Gillett," Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society.

"One reason, in my judgment, of the long continued and wide spread dearth of divine influences, is, the want of plain, pointed, and discriminating doctrinal preaching. There is a looseness in handling the word of life. It marks our day. It was not so half a century ago. I know we are cautioned, from the best authority, not to consider the former times better than these. And they were not; nor half so good. There has been, in many respects, astonishing improvement; but it is not seen in the *matter* or *manner* of preaching. Where is the *entire depravity* of man so pointed out and enforced, as to show the absolute necessity of special grace in the conversion of sinners? and as to *election* or *predestination*, some seem to be afraid even of the word. And after all, what does the doctrine imply, more or less, than the wise choice of a merciful God? "*Chosen* in Christ Jesus before the world began; *predestinated* to be conformed to the image of his Son." What doctrine more consoling! How could the sinner do without it? I want to see some of those old fashioned revivals of religion, before I die; where they are born into the kingdom by the *truth*, and in love of the *truth*; "rooted and grounded," like the forest oak, whose branches buffet the tempest, unmoved and immoveable. In some places, at times, there is a reviving extensively, embracing numbers. But they wont stay revived. It all flats away; sometimes suddenly, and sometimes disastrously. Is there not a lack of doctrinal truth? a marvellous paucity of barbed weapons? Even the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, must have its point blunted, and its edge smoothed, so that it cannot pierce to the dividing assunder of soul and spirit, and joints and marrow, nor become a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. But it may be said, instances alluded to, even if they exist at all, are not general; they are not the rule, but the exception. Be it so; and I hope it is; but the exceptions are sufficiently numerous to justify comment.

In casting my eye back over the preceding paragraph, I perceive the look of *ex Cathedra* remarks, more than I designed, and indeed more than is consonant with my feelings. I view myself as one among a multitude of brethren, at the feet of whom I would gladly sit to receive instruction; and indeed with reason, as there is left to me only the fragmentary part of a man, four score years having done much towards winding up the concern. I cannot but believe however, that there is some *truth* in the remarks, and (unless I misjudge of the characteristic features of the age,) not altogether *untimely*. A matter of fact man, dry, shrewd and intelligent, once said of certain preachers of his day, eloquent and popular beyond measure, "They soar away toward the heavens and dash off to every point of the compass; but neither man nor angel can tell what they are after: and for this plain reason; *they are not after any thing.*" I hope we have not quite arrived at this pitch yet, though I fear we are making some approximation towards it. I say *we*, in great sincerity, as I have no doubt, (tho' I am not exactly conscious of it,) that I am myself "driven about" by the spirit of the age, and drawn into the current of the times, equally with others."

THE WIFE OF TUCKERMAN.

Her reserve and shrinking delicacy threw a veil over her beautiful character. She was little known beyond her home; but there she silently spread around her that soft, pure light, the preciousness of which is never fully understood till it is quenched. Her calm, gentle wisdom, her sweet humility, her sympathy, which though tender, was too serene to disturb her clear perception, fitted her to act instinctively, and without the consciousness of either party, on his more sanguine, ardent mind. She was truly a spirit of good, diffusing a tranquilizing influence mildly to be thought of, and therefore more sure. The blow which took her from him left a wound which time could not heal. Had his strength been continued, so that he could have gone from the house of mourning to the haunts of poverty, he would have escaped for a good part of the day, the sense of his bereavement. But a few minutes walk in the street now sent him wearied home. There the hovering eye which had so long brightened at his entrance was to shed its mild beam on him no more. There the voice that daily inquired into his labors, and like another conscience had whispered a sweet approval, was still. There the sympathy which had pressed with tender hand his aching head, and by its nursing care had postponed the hour of exhaustion and disease, had gone. He was not indeed left alone; for filial love and reverence spared no soothing office; but these, though felt and spoken of as most precious, could not take the place of what had been removed. This great loss produced no burst of grief. It was still, deep sorrow, the feeling of a mighty void, the last burden which the spirit can cast off. His attachment to life from this moment sensibly declined. In seasons of peculiar sensibility he wished to be gone. He kept near him the likeness of his departed friend, and spoke to me more than once of the solace which he had found in it. He heard her voice from another world, and his anticipations of that world, always very strong, became more vivid and touching. [Channing.

CHALMERS AND CARLYLE.

We were fortunate enough—when recently in England—to track Chalmer's course in more places than one. We heard of him in the parlor of the author of "Sartor Resartus" whom he had—uninvited, unexpected, but not unwelcome—visited. They had met twenty years before, and had parted mutually estranged, if not disgusted. They met recently, and parted after some hours' intercourse, mutually delighted. We can fancy their meeting like that of two rivers—one broad, rapid, clear and sunny—the other, still, gloomy, and profound—both chanting their own song—the one a loud, yet irregular "thunder psalm;" the other wilder, lower, and more mystic melody. Two spirits more earnest—two more in essential points at one—and two more influential over the rising minds of the age—did not breathe. They met—they interchanged thoughts, like the shields of Diomede and Glaucus—they parted to meet no more on earth, for the one was bound for eternity, and had only time to look in and make peace with a kindred spirit ere he went his way. We need not remind our readers, that Dr. Chalmers had in an article on "Morell's Philosophy," taken occasion to pass a glowing panegyric on Thomas Carlyle, and that this suitably paved the way for their last meeting. [Tait's Magazine.

A TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

"I weeded my friends," said an old eccentric friend, "by hanging a piece of stair carpet out of my first floor window, with a broker's announcement fixed; it had the desired effect. I soon saw who were my friends. It was like firing a gun near a pigeon house; they all forsook the building at the first report, and I have not had occasion to use the extra flaps of my dining-table since."

"Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learned to live."

PRESS ONWARD.

"The mystery of Napoleon's career was this—under all difficulties and discouragements to "press on." It solves the problem of all heroes; it is the rule by which to judge rightly of all wonderful success and triumphal marches to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all—high and low, fortunate and unfortunate, so called—"press on," never despair, never be discouraged however stormy the heavens, however dark the way, however great the difficulties, or so repeated the failure, "press on." If fortune has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for this to-morrow. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day.

If thy affections have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of this but "press on"—a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayest reach it if thou wilt. If another has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil by being false to thyself. Do not say the world has lost its poetry and beauty; it is not so: and even if it be so, make thine own poetry and beauty, by a brave, a true, and, above all, a religious life. [Eng. Period.

WHAT CHRISTIANITY TEACHES.

Christianity teaches us not to set our hearts on earthly possessions and earthly honors; and thereby provides for our really loving, or even cordially forgiving those who have been more successful than ourselves in the attainment of them, or who have even designedly thwarted us in the pursuit. "Let the rich," says the apostle, "rejoice in that he is brought low." How can he who means to attempt in any degree, to obey this precept, be irreconcilably hostile towards one who may have been instrumental in his depression!

Christianity also teaches us not to prize human estimation at a very high rate; and thereby provides for the practice of her injunction, to love from the heart those who, justly or unjustly, may have attacked our reputation or wounded our character. She commands not the show, but the reality of meekness and gentleness; and by thus taking away the ailment of anger, and the fomenters of discord, she provides for the maintenance of peace and the restoration of good temper among men.

It is another capital excellency of Christianity, that she values moral attainments at a far higher rate than intellectual acquisitions, and proposes to conduct her followers to the heights of virtue rather than of knowledge. [Wilberforce.

SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE.

The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in New York (Dr. Phillips) is in the habit of preaching to his congregation, the first Sabbath morning of every month, on the duty of contributing liberally to the great benevolent objects of the day,—keeping in view, as an object of faith and corresponding effort, the evangelization of the whole world; and taking a contribution after each discourse.

The writer has been present on several of these occasions, and been deeply interested with his faithful, kind, and eloquent appeals: though it can surely be no easy matter to prepare a fresh, acceptable discourse, on the same general subject, once a month, year after year.

The abundant fruit of this labor is seen, however, in the very large annual contributions of his people,—exceeding, as appears from the minutes of the Presbyterian General Assembly, $36,000! And it might be wished, for the honor of humanity, and for the sake of a world sunk in idolatry and superstition, as well as for the safety of our own free institutions, that many other pastors would thoroughly try the experiment of thus preaching, systematically and frequently, not for the advancement of a sect, but on the great subject of Christian benevolence—the true essence of the religion of Christians.

Last Sabbath morning, after recurring to the immense sums freely given by the Israelites for the building of the Temple and other religious purposes, and alluding to the astonishing prosperity of the Jewish nation so long as they thus honored the Lord with their substance, he proceeded in an able argument to urge the duty of enlarged benevolence, from the fact, that we, like that people, are but strangers and sojourners on the earth, and our life is as a hand's breadth.

How pitiable, he said, was that narrow selfishness which could be gratified only with the accumulation of wealth, and the indulgence of pride,—how degrading to man's immortal nature, how utterly unworthy of a being of his high and heavenly destiny!

The due consideration of the brevity of human life, and the abundant provision made in the gospel for happiness in a future unending state of being, was surely calculated to wean us from earth, and excite devout gratitude to the Author of all our spiritual and temporal blessings. Such a consideration would impress us with just views of the comparative value of wealth and honor, and every worldly interest;—things not to be despised, but, compared with immortal interests, dwindling into insignificance.

This consideration would likewise lead us to contentment under trials, and make us feel, as every wise man on a journey feels, that the rough fare of a day, or the coarse lodging of a night, is of little consequence—the *end* of the journey occupying the first place in the thoughts.

It would arouse us, also as Christians, to systematic efforts, for advancing the kingdom of righteousness over the earth. In order to do this, the gospel must be published to all nations. The millions of Africa, and India, and China, and other benighted regions, must receive the Word of Life. And what we do that shall tell on the high interests of immortals, when we are dead,—what we do for the cause of humanity and salvation, must be done quickly. [Express.

BENEVOLENCE OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

THEIR CARE FOR THE POOR.

One very remarkable way in which this love manifested itself, was in the care they took of their poorer brethren. Among them, as in every association of men, the needy and the destitute were found. The duty of providing for these was not left to the gratuities of private individuals, whose situation gave them opportunities of ascertaining, and whose benevolence prompted them to relieve their necessities. It devolved on the whole community of believers, who regarded it not as a burden, but a privilege, to minister to the wants of those who bore the image of Christ; and by their unwearied attentions to the discharge of this labor of love, they made the light of their liberality and benevolence so shine, as to command the admiration even of the cold and selfish heathen around them. As duly as the Sabbath returned, and as soon as they had brought their sacred duties to a close, the list of the poor, the aged, the widow, and the orphans, were produced for consideration; and, as if each had been hastening to bring forth the fruits of faith, and to prove the sincerity of that love they had professed to their Savior, by the abundance of their liberality to his people, they set themselves to the grateful task, with a zeal and enthusiasm, whose fresh and unabated vigor betrayed no symptoms of their having already been engaged in a lengthened service. The custom was for every one in turn to bring under public notice the case of a brother or sister, of whose necessitous circumstances he had any knowledge, and forthwith a donation was ordered out of the funds of the church, which the voluntary contributions of the faithful supplied. No strong or heart-stirring appeals were necessary to reach the hidden source of their sympathies; no cold calculations of prudence regulated the distributions of their public alms; no fears of doubtful propriety suggested delay for the consideration of the claim; no petty jealousies as to the preference of one recommendation to another were allowed to freeze the genial current of their charity. By whomsoever the case was recommended, or in whatever circumstances the claim was made, the hand of benevolence had answered the call almost before the heart found words to express its sympathy, and with a unanimity surpassed only by their bound less love, they dealt out their supplies from the church, whenever there was an object to receive, or a known necessity to require. When the poor in one place were numerous, and the brethren were unable from their limited means to afford them adequate support, they applied to some richer church in the neighborhood, and never was it known in those days of active benevolence, that the appeal was fruitlessly made, or coldly received. Though they had poor of their own to maintain, neighboring and foreign churches were always ready to transmit contributions in aid of the Christians in distant parts, and many and splendid are the instances on record of ministry and people, on intelligence of any pressing emergency, hastening with their treasures for the relief of those with whom they had the same faith and hopes. Thus, when a multitude of Christian men and women in Numidia had been taken captive by a horde of neighboring barbarians, and when the churches to which they belonged were unable to raise the sum demanded for their ransom, they sent deputies to the church that was planted in the metropolis of North Africa, and no sooner had Cyprian, who then was at the head of it, heard a statement of the distressing case, than he commenced a subscription in behalf of the unfortunate slaves, and never relaxed his indefatigable efforts, till he had collected a sum equal to nearly $4,000, which he forwarded to the Numidian churches, together with a letter full of Christian sympathy and tenderness. [Coleman's Christian Antiquities.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

IV.—Jerusalem.—A Morning's Walk.

There is little pleasure in visiting the places within the walls of Jerusalem which are reported by the monks to be the scenes of the acts and sufferings of Christ. There is no certainty about these; and the spots regarding which there can be no mistake are so interesting, that the mind and heart of the traveller turn away from such as may be fabulous. About the site of the Temple there is no doubt; and beyond the walls one meets at every turn assurance of being where Christ walked and talked, and where the great events of Jewish history took place. Let us go over what I found in one ramble; and then my reader will see what it must be to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

Leaving the city by the Bethlehem Gate, we descended into the valley of Hinnom or Gehenna. Here there are many tombs cut in the rock, with entrances like door-ways. When I speak of Bethany, I shall have occasion to describe the tombs of the Jews. It was in this valley, and close by the fountain of Siloam, that in the days of Jewish idolatry, children passed through the fire, in honor of Moloch. This is the place called Tophet in scripture,—fit to be spoken of as it was, as an image of hell. Here, in this place of corruption and cruelty, where fires hovered about living bodies, and worms preyed on the dead—here was the imagery of terror—"the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." The scene is very different now. The slopes are terraced, that the winter rains may not wash away the soil; and these terraces were to-day green with springing wheat; and the spreading olives and fig trees cast their shadows on the rich though stony soil. Streams were led from the pool of Siloam among the fields and gardens; and all looked cool and fresh in the once hellish spot. On the top of the opposite hill was the Field of Blood—the field bought as a burial place for strangers, by the priests to whom Judas returned his bribe. For the burial of strangers, it was used in subsequent ages; for pilgrims who died at the Holy City were laid there. It is now no longer enclosed; but a charnel-house marks the spot.

The pools all round Jerusalem are beautiful; the cool arching rock roof of some, the weed-tufted sides and clear waters of all, are delicious. The pool of Siloam is still pretty—though less so, no doubt, than when the blind man, sent to wash there, opened his eyes on its sacred stream. The fountain of Siloam is more beautiful than the pool. It lies deep in a cave, and must be reached by broad steps which wind down in the shadow. A woman sat to-day in the dim light of reflected sunshine—washing linen in the pool. Here it was, that in days of old the priest came down with his golden pitcher, to draw water for the temple service; and hither it was that the thought of Milton came when he sang of—

Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God.

We were now in the valley of Jehoshaphat; and we crossed the bottom of it, where the brook Kedron must run when it runs at all; but it seems to be now merely a winter torrent, and never to have been a constant stream. When we had ascended the opposite side of the valley, we were on the Mount of Olives. The ascent was steep,—now among tombs, and now past fields of waving barley, flecked with the shade of olive trees. As we ascended, the opposite hill seemed to rise, and the city to spread. Two horsemen in the valley below, and a woman with a burden on her head, mounting to the city by a path up Moriah, looked so surprisingly small as to prove the grandeur of the scenery. Hereabouts it was as is said, and may reasonably be believed, that Jesus mourned over Jerusalem, and told his followers what would become of the noble city which here rose upon their view, crowning the sacred mount, and shining clear against the cloudless sky. Dwellers in our climate cannot conceive of such a sight as Jerusalem seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives. The Moab mountains, over towards the Dead Sea, are drest in the softest hues of purple, lilac and grey. The hill country to the north is almost gaudy with its contrasts of color; its white or grey stones, red soil; and crops of vivid green. But the city is the glory—aloft on the steep—its long lines of wall clearly defining it to the sight, and every minaret and cupola, and almost every stone marked out by the brilliant sunshine against the deep blue sky. In the spaces unbuilt on within the walls, are tufts of verdure; and cypresses spring here and there from some convent garden. The green lawns of the Mosque of Omar, are spread out small before the eye, with their groups of tiny gay moving people. If it is now so glorious a place to the eye, what must it have been in the days of its pride! Yet in that day, when every one looked for the exulting blessing "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces!" there came instead the lamentation over the Jerusalem that killed the prophets and stoned the messengers of Jehovah, and whose house must be therefore left desolate.

The disciples, looking from hence upon the strength of the walls, the massiveness of the Temple buildings, then springing 480 feet from the bed of the brook below, and the depth and ruggedness of the ravines surrounding the city on three sides, might well ask when those things should be, and how they should be accomplished. On the fourth side, the north, where there is no ravine, the Roman army was encamped. We could now see that rising ground, once covered with the Roman tents, but to-day with corn fields and olive grounds. The Romans encamped one legion on the Mount of Olives; but it could not do any harm to the city; and the only available point of attack—the north side—was guarded by a moat and three walls. The siege was long; so long that men's hearts failed them for fear, and at least one famished woman ate her own child: and at last the city was taken and nearly destroyed; and of the Temple, not one stone was left upon another. How we were in the midst of these scenes to-day! We stood where the doom was pronounced; below us was the camp of the single legion I have mentioned, opposite was the humbled city, with the site of the temple courts; and over to the north was the camp of the enemy. Here was the whole scene of that "great tribulation, such as was not known from the beginning of the world."

From the summit of Olivet, we went down to the scene of that other tribulation—that anguish of mind which had perhaps never been surpassed from the beginning of the world. "When Jesus had spoken these words" (his words of cheer after the last supper), "he went forth," we are told, "with his disciples over the brook Kedron, where was a garden." This garden we entered to-day from the other direction, and left it by crossing the fled of the brook. It is a dreary place now, very unlike what it must have been when "Jesus oftimes resorted thither with his disciples." It is a plot of ground on a slope above the brook, enclosed with fences of loose stones, and occupied by eight extremely old olive-trees—the oldest, I should think, that we saw in all our travels. I do not mean that they could have been growing in the days of Christ. That is supposed to be impossible; though I never could learn what is the greatest age known to be attained by the olive-tree. The roots of these were supported by little terraces of stones, that neither trees nor soil might be washed down the slope by the winter torrents. But little remains of these once fine trees but hollow trunks and a few straggling branches. It is with the mind's eye that we must see the filling up of this garden enclosure where Jesus "oftimes resorted thither"—its orchard of fig, pomegranate, and olive trees, and the grass or young springing corn under foot. From every part of it the approach of Judas and his party must have been visible. By their "lanterns and torches and weapons," gleaming in the light, they must have been seen descending the hill from the city gate. The sleeping disciples may not have heeded the lights and footsteps of the multitude; but step by step as it wound down the steep, and then crossed the brook, and turned up to the garden, the victim knew that the hour of his fate drew on.

By the way the crowd came down, we now ascended towards the city, turning aside, however, to skirt the north wall, instead of returning home through the streets. Not to mention now other things that we saw, we noted much connected with the siege:—the nature of the ground favorable for the encampment of an army, and the shallow moat under the walls, where the Romans brought two great wooden towers on wheels, that the men in the towers might fight on a level with those on the walls, and throw missiles into the town. This scene of conflict is very quiet now. A crop of barley was ripening under the very walls: and an Arab, with a soft, mild countenance, was filling his water-skins at the pool called the sheep-pool, near the Damascus gate. The proud Roman and despairing Jew were not more unlike each other than this Arab, with his pathetic face, was unlike them both. As he stooped under the dim arches of the rock, and his red cap came into contrast with the dark grey of the still water below, and the green of the dangling weeds over his head, our thoughts were recalled to our own day, and to a sense of the beauty we meet in every nook and corner of the Holy Land.

From this ramble, my readers may see some thing of what it is to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

SPEECH OF HON. J. QUINCY, JR., AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE CITY RESERVOIR.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—We have met under the canopy of Heaven to lay the corner stone of the principal structure connected with the introduction of the waters of Cochituate Lake into the City of Boston.

It has been the custom from time immemorial, to mark the commencement of buildings in which the public were interested, by some appropriate ceremonial. And surely if there ever was an edifice of importance to all the citizens, it is the one which we this day commence.

The corner-stone is laid of churches of a particular faith—of monuments of past events, of general, but not universal interest—of hospitals, of whose benefits a small number only will partake—of colleges, where the fortunate few alone derive immediate advantage. But this is of universal interest, there is nothing sectarian, nothing sectional, or exclusive about it. It is monopolised by no party in politics, or sect in religion. It is an equal blessing to the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the just and the unjust. It will aid the poor woman, toiling for her children at the wash-tub—it will minister to the proudest beauty in the luxury of her chamber—it will cool the fevered brow of disease, and be a cordial to the parched lips of the intemperate—it will promote moral as well as physical well-being; for cleanliness, according to Whitfield, stands next unto Godliness. Its treasures will preserve our habitations from fire—will impel the giant strength of the steam engine—will accompany our navigators to the remotest climes—will dedicate the infant at the altar—will give beauty to the cheek of youth—strength to the arm of manhood—comfort to the decline of age. Nor will the blessing be confined to man; nothing that enjoys animal or vegetable life will exist on this peninsula for centuries without sharing its benefits. The gift of water, to cool earth's fever and to cleanse its stains, as a blessing is second only to the revelation of that living water, of which if a man drink he shall never thirst.'

This universal interest, makes this celebration peculiar appropriate,—but there is another reason that renders it not less so. The work is one half completed, and estimates can well be made of the time when it will be finished, and the cost of its construction. And it is of great importance to the finances of the City, and the convenience of the inhabitants, that the citizens should realize the speedy approach, and prepare for the reception of the blessing.

Neither the time nor the position, permit me to enter into details as to the origin of this work. Ever since the organization of the City Government, the subject has attracted popular attention, and almost all my predecessors in office called to it the public consideration.

There were, however, difficulties in the way—the want, though felt, was not imperative, and the fear of a public debt, joined to a difference of opinion as to the source from whence it could be obtained in the best and most economical manner, caused the work from time to time to be postponed. At length the demand became general, and the noble work of our sister city of New York, presented an example that a majority longed to follow. Water Unions were formed, and the citizens called for its introduction;—but difficulties again presented themselves.—Again the rival projects of deriving the supplies from Charles River, Spot Pond, Lake Cochituate and other sources, threatened to defeat the object. In this dilemma the Council selected two gentlemen, one from New York, and another from Philadelphia; the former of whom was the distinguished engineer of the Croton, whose name will be immortal, though it is written in water, and directed them as persons whose judgment would not be biased by any local prejudices, to decide on the most eligible source. After a careful survey, they reported in favor of Lake Cochituate.

Their decision satisfied the community. Opposition died away, and I believe that there is at this moment, scarcely a man,—I am certain there is not a woman—in the city of Boston, who is not in favor of the introduction of Cochituate water.

There are, however, three questions frequently asked concerning it. How is it to be brought? When is it to be here? What is it to cost?

It is to be brought in an oval brick aqueduct, over six feet in height, about fifteen miles from Cochituate Lake to Brookline, where it discharges itself into a reservoir of more than twenty acres in extent.

From Brookline the water is forced by its own pressure through pipes of 30 and 36 inches in diameter, to the two reservoirs in the city, the one on Mount Washington, at South Boston, which will contain superficies of 70,000, and the one on Beacon Hill of 38,000 feet. The latter is to be raised on arches sixty feet above the spot where we

finished and ready for the water, and the grading and bricks for the rest are in such a state of forwardness as to render its completion certain early in the summer.

To avoid loss of head in crossing Brighton valley, and to save expense in land, two tunnels were found to be necessary on this line. These it was supposed would be the last part of the work that would be completed. Of these all the shafts are finished. Of 1130 feet, the length of the Brookline tunnel, 810 are completed; and of 2403 feet, the length of the tunnel in Newton, 1300 are finished, rendering it certain that no delay will arise from this portion of the aqueduct.

The line of pipes between Boston and Brookline and in the City, will amount to a little over 60 miles in length, of which more than thirty will be laid this autumn, and the residue will be in a position to be put down at the opening of the Spring. Such is the progress of the work that I can have no doubt that the waters of Lake Cochituate will be delivered in the city of Boston within twelve months from this day.

Having spoken of the nature of the work, and of the time of its completion, it remains only to speak of its cost and the mode of payment.

The work is one half completed. The Lake Cochituate has been bought—great part of the land damages have been paid—and the expenditure has already been 1,500,000 dollars.

From what we know of the nature of the work, and the cost of materials, a correct estimate can be made of the expense, and this including interest to be charged to construction, will fall, in my opinion, within three millions of dollars.

How is this to be paid?

The city own about 7,000,000 feet of land in the city proper and South Boston, which will not be required by the public, either for sale or for ornament. The value of this land will be greatly increased by the supply of water, and I have no hesitation in saying, as Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, that these lands, if properly managed, will within twenty years pay off not only the whole of the water debt, but of every other debt that is owed by the city.

We shall thus provide for the principal. After the completion of the works the interests will be paid by a direct tax and by the income of the water rents.

The worst burden in such a case would be six per cent. on the whole debt, or 180,000 dollars a year, less the amount of the income.

It was hoped that the loan might be negotiated at a lower rate of interest, and immediately after the passage of the act, all the principal bankers in Europe were visited by one of our merchants distinguished for his ability and success with the hope of obtaining the money. But the great demand for funds, arising from the construction of railways, and the cloud cast on American securities by the repudiation of our sister States made the application unsuccessful. In July last, after a public notice of three months, both here and in Europe, a million of the loan was taken by public competition through sealed proposals in the way adopted by the United States and Foreign Governments at a rate rather less than 6 per cent.—Owing to the financial state of Europe, which cannot but affect this country by sympathy, it is not to be expected that money can at present be obtained at less than simple interest even on the security of the city of Boston. It is, however, the intention of the Committee to borrow for as short times as will command the capital, with the full expectation, that when the present financial crisis is passed the loan may be negotiated at a much lower rate.

In this connection I cannot but congratulate the public on the energy and efficiency with which this work has been pressed forward.

The stopping of interest by getting the water into use, is no inconsiderable item. It is said that one quarter part of the expense of the Croton on the day of its introduction to New York, was interest. A sum equal to the whole amount of the cost of our aqueduct.

This leads me to remind you that there is one way of reducing the amount of this expenditure, and that it is by taking the water.

You will be taxed whether you take it or not, and good economy requires you to take what you are obliged to pay for; and sooner or later you will take it.

It has been said that the difference between the wise man and the foolish one is, that the foolish man does at last what the wise man does at first; and let no man say, I will not take the Cochituate water.—You may have an excellent well and an abundant cistern, but I trust all the good housewives in the city will maintain that the bottom of a well may do for truth, but the top of the house is the most convenient place for water.

We have now placed this stone on its final resting place. Primitive rock, it has existed from the creation, unchanged by fire, unmoved by earthquake—it will exist till time shall be no more.

Creatures of a day, the contemplation of perpetuity, even of that which is inanimate, cannot but excite an interest, and we cannot but ask what changes it will witness.

The foundations of Roman aqueducts now remain, though two thousand years have passed since they were laid. Why may not this edifice be of equal perpetuity.

It will stand for centuries, and while it ministers to countless thousands of the generations which come after us, our republic will extend to the Pacific.—Rail roads and magnetic telegraphs will unite the vast population. The summit of that dome will be in view of the homes of a million of people. Our city will be on the high way between the old world and India—and physical prosperity will probably reach its zenith. May we not hope that it will witness an equal progress in moral, intellectual, and religious excellence; that our beloved country will be a Beacon—not like that which once rose above this spot to warn of danger, and of peril, but a Beacon to illuminate the world, and guide the nations to a national Freedom, and universal Peace.

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PRISON DISCIPLINE.

PRISON DISCIPLINE IN AMERICA. By Francis C. Gray. Boston: Little & Brown, 1847. pp. 203. 8vo.

At the meetings of the Prison Discipline Society held in the Tremont Temple subsequently to the May Anniversaries of the present year, Hon. F. C. Gray bore a conspicuous part in the discussions. We remember the wish was there expressed, and we suppose it was shared by very many, that he would communicate to the public the important statistical information which he had taken the pains to acquire, and with which he seemed familiar. That wish is now fulfilled, with great completeness. Mr. G. has performed his task with great patience, industry, clearness and ability. Having stated the question, namely this,—"Whether the daily labor of prisoners should be carried on in workshops containing several in company, under constant supervision, or by each alone in entire solitude,"—he proceeds to trace the progress of opinion in America until it resulted in the establishment of "two different systems, that of daily labor with solitude by night only, originating at Auburn, and that of constant solitude with labor, first established in Pennsylvania." These two systems—the former considered in its operations at the State Prison in Charlestown, Mass., and the latter at the Penitentiary in Philadelphia,—he compares in respect to industrious habits and skill, earnings, bodily and mental health, number of deaths, and number of cases of insanity. He then presents the experience of New Jersey and of Rhode Island, considers the opinions entertained on the subject in Poland, in France, in England, in Scotland,—noticing also a New Scheme of the British Government,—and comes to results in favor of American Prisons, especially of the prison in Charlestown, which he states as follows:

"It is not pretended, that the system established here is perfect. Far from it. It is hoped it may go on improving from year to year, and still be regarded as an experiment, a system upon trial; and not one whose invariable success we are willing to vouch for, or to the future support of which we are in any manner pledged. The system which will produce a complete reformation in all convicts, or in most of them, is yet to be discovered.

* * * * *

Considering, then, that from the experience of of our own country hitherto, it appears that the system of constant separation as established here, even when administered with the utmost humanity, produces so many cases of insanity and of death as to indicate most clearly, that its general tendency is to enfeeble the body and the mind;—considering that the results of labor under our different systems, where both are best enforced, abundantly show, that habits of industry and skill in laborious occupations, may be more speedily and effectually acquired by working in company with others under the constant inspection of a master, than they usually are in entire solitude;—considering that our system of social labor is found to afford sufficient gratification of the natural instinct for society to prevent any more frequent derangement of the health or of the intellect in prison than takes place in the community at large; and considering that this system may be maintained, and is maintained among us without frequent or cruel punishments;—it may be concluded that it ought to be persevered in, until stronger evidence than has yet been produced, shall show some other system to be better adapted to our condition."

This pamphlet by Mr. Gray will of course be followed in due time by something from the gentlemen who at the discussions spoke on the other side. From the contributions of both united, with no matter irrelevant to the merits of the question now before the public—(none involving the merits of individuals, which we hope will be left for good or for evil where they were at the discussions,) more light will be shed on this great subject; and in the better general understanding of the methods of treating crime, a healthier general sentiment may arise, which shall act favorably in the diminution of crime itself. The method of *treating* crime has much to do with the *prevention* of crime. The known character of the discipline of prisons, the discharged convicts themselves, may teach righteousness or unrighteousness, with various degrees of success.

But the prevention of crime is a question that may be considered independently of its punishment, and it is assuming more and more importance with the increase of crime in its various forms of murder, of incendiarism, of robbery, of larceny, of forgery, and such like. It is important indeed to turn attention to our prisons, and adapt them as well as possible to the purposes of reformation. The fact that so many discharged convicts return to their old habits of crime, and are recommitted, unless the caution developed by experience of confinement enables them to practice crime with less liability of detection; the bad moral influence exerted by this unreformed class who go forth to taint the air all around them; have naturally awakened the question, Are our prisons what they ought to be? Such a question, asked in no spirit of fault-finding, should always be patiently considered and answered. We do not say that it has been or that it has not. If there were any such appearance of fault-finding at the recent public discussions, it seemed to be occasioned by the impression at least on the minds of the individuals concerned, that such a question, asked originally in the spirit of candor and co-operation, had been long disregarded and treated with neglect.

But something more radical is yet to be done than to perfect our prison discipline. There must be more of moral and religious education in our public schools. The young must be educated so as to become able to resist temptation. Those who fill our prisons, are those whose early moral and religious education, in the majority of instances, has been neglected. Prevention in youth, in how much greater degree might it be secured, through a higher moral and religious tone in our public schools—and that though the culture at home at the same time be neglected, as neglected it will long continue to be through the ignorance or fault of fathers and mothers. Society itself, too, in its public business relations, in its established manners and customs, must do justly and love mercy. Government, which in this country is the organ of society, must rule in righteousness towards its own people, and towards others. Alas, that in this deplorable *war*, it should be such a teacher of crime, in the false pretexts with which it was begun, and in the murder and robbery on a large scale with which it has been continued! By doing justly and loving mercy, society would be as a controlling presence, keeping within its own sphere of righteousness many who now rush without.

HOW TO ASSAIL SIN AND ERROR.

The eloquent discourse of Mr. Briggs, delivered before the Autumnal Unitarian Convention, made a very happy impression, and is published in accordance with the desires of many who heard it. It chimed in with the tone of the discussions, illustrating the fact of unity in diversity, promoting genuine Christian feeling, and establishing the love of truth as it is in Christ. We think, however, it is open to the criticism that the doctrine of the discourse is asserted in too universal terms, though this may not seriously affect the great merits of the discourse. "Error," says Mr. B., "our Savior meets indirectly, but sin he directly assails." There is one remark dropped at the commencement of the discussion, from which the preacher would seem to be aware, at the moment, that the principle he was endeavoring to establish had its exceptions. He speaks of Jesus "leaving the speculations of his time, *in so great a degree*, unassailed," (the italicising is our own.) We could find no difficulty in accepting the principle so stated. But the preacher says, a page or two before, "We should not have dreamed of meeting the false speculations of the world by *never directly* meeting them;" (the italicising of the first of these two words is again our own.) "But thus Jesus taught." It is this last universal form, in which the proposition of the discourse is set forth and maintained.

We will not deny that the proposition is true in the general, but it certainly has its exceptions. The Gospel contains instances in which the facts are directly the reverse of the doctrine of the sermon. When Jesus said to the woman of Samaria, whom the preacher alludes to,—"Go call thy husband and come hither"; and especially when in the case of the adulterous woman brought before him by certain Jews who assailed her "sin directly," he said to them,—"Let him that is without sin first cast a stone at her,"—and to the woman,—"Hath no man condemned thee? neither do I; go and sin no more,"—surely in these two cases he met *sin indirectly*. And when in conversation with the Pharisees he said,—"If I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out?"—when he reasoned with them in respect to "the baptism of John," and what is "lawful to do on the Sabbath days"; and when he repelled the false accusation that he "made himself equal with God,"—surely this was meeting *error directly*.

It is noticeable that many, from the example of our Lord, maintain that sin is to be indirectly assailed, and error directly. Accordingly they are strenuous for doctrine; but practical evils, such as slavery, say they, will fall away of themselves when the right time comes. The truth lies between the two. He who follows the Master, (to say nothing of Paul from whose writings Mr. B. would find it rather difficult to confirm the principle of his discourse in the universal form in which he sets it forth, but who we think understood the philosophy of establishing truth, as well as of overthrowing error,) will meet error sometimes directly and sometimes indirectly. He will assail sin sometimes directly and sometimes indirectly; and do each as the case seems to require.

The main proposition of Mr. B., taken with this modification, is a very important one. While our Savior not seldom met error directly, he also presented the particular truth for which he would persuade them to relinquish the error. And oftentimes, as Mr. B. has very beautifully and forcibly illustrated, he would simply announce some great truth, the apprehension of which would cause the old errors to fall away of themselves. This is the "diviner method," as we have no objection to calling it, with Mr. B; not thereby implying, ourselves, that the other is *not* divine. As a help in attaining to it, and in presenting the *positive* form of truth, we hope Mr. B's sermon will have the widest circulation. If there has been a deficiency among those for whom the sermon was specially intended, in respect to this "diviner method" of presenting truth, they share it in common with other denominations. Men preach and talk "*about* the truth and still *about* it," but less *the truth* itself.

We shall give an extract from the sermon next week.

THE SUPERNATURAL. THE NATURE OF REVELATION. ESPECIALLY THE REVELATION THROUGH CHRIST.

In the "notices of new publications," we mentioned the two discourses by Rev. Mr. Richardson on Theology and Religion. They were delivered on relinquishing his pastoral charge in Southington, Conn., to accept that of the First Parish in Haverhill Mass. There are portions of the discourses conceived happily, stated simply, illustrated with felicity, and all is frankly spoken. But the fault which the author so candidly confesses in an introductory note,—the fault of "incoherency and want of form and system," is rather a serious one. It would be pardonable in the preacher who had prepared his discourses under unfavorable circumstances, as were these—in the midst of unexpected missionary labor during the week previous to their delivery—but less pardonable in him who should afterwards print them. The subjects discussed, which are Theology, Religion, Prophecy, Revelation, the Supernatural, the Miraculous &c., demand precision of statement; but they are here discussed too loosely even for a popular occasion. A sermon ought to be religious, certainly in the sense of *re-ligare—to bind anew*,—if in no other; but these two sermons, judged after this standard, are rather irreligious.

On the Supernatural and Miraculous, we agree with Mr. R, that a miracle is not a suspension, nor a violation, of the laws of nature. But why define Supernatural as expressing only "what is above *our present knowledge* of nature and her laws?" Why not say that it is above the *ordinary manifestation* of nature—above the *ordinary operation* of her laws? Better, if Mr. R's view be the just one, drop the word "Supernatural" entirely, and adopt the word *Superknown*.—Mr. R. says that Jesus "healed the sick &c. in accordance *with laws of nature, whose workings he as a wise man understood*," (the italicising is his.) Well, then, if Mr. R. understood the laws of nature as well as Jesus did, he could do the miracles of Jesus—he could even raise the dead! Can he seriously believe this? Is there any sense in saying that the dead are actually raised agreeably to existing laws of nature? Is it not more rational to deny that the dead have ever been raised?

But if this be the true explanation of the power of Jesus, whence that of his apostles? We see no way of accounting for it, on this principle, except that the master taught the *secret* to the disciples, and the knowledge unfortunately perished with them! Or would Mr. R. say, with others who have given his explanation before him, that the apostles never wrought any real miracles at all? This last is certainly the more sensible affirmation of the two.

But we say further that such an explanation of the source of miraculous power, is altogether different from that which Jesus himself assigned. It was FAITH, not knowledge. Faith in God realized the power.

We enter our protest against the application of such epithets as "nosologist and physician" to Jesus, though it be in a Note. For the sake of readers who have not the latest dictionary at hand, and who in their simplicity might think the word has something to do with the nose, Mr. R. ought to have added a definition of the word.

On revelation, and on Jesus the great Revealer of God, the author of these two discourses thus speaks,—and he *italicises* the whole sentence,—"Jesus, it is true, was an uncommon and a wonderful being,—ay, a Supernatural being, even, in the sense of above our common experience of nature." "His teachings are the teachings of nature; his Theology is natural Theology." We quote this simply to show the author's position, not to prove its weakness and error. That has been done again and again in a recent controversy which it is hardly necessary to revive. Such an explanation of the works and words of the Jesus of the Gospels, while it may seem to Mr. R. and others very plain and simple, seems to us a very hasty generalization which leaves half the facts unaccounted for.

As matter of taste, if nothing more, we cannot but say, in reference to the manner in which the author speaks of the sins of the patriarchs of the Old Testament, that we always felt greater partiality for Shem and Japheth, who took a garment and went with faces averted to cover their father Noah's nakedness, than for Ham who beheld him unblushingly and reported him without filial charity.

Thus much for criticism. Our remarks thus far have been confined to the *first* of the two discourses. The second dwells on Theology and Practical Religion. The comparative estimate in which we hold these, we shall give in another article. The introduction to the second discourse impressed us more favorably than any other part of it, and we shall take pleasure in placing it on our first page of next week's Register.

☞ We have received a letter from a gentleman in Framingham, in which we are corrected in respect to a *sister* of the late Mr. Bennett of Woburn. Our informant was in error. And in regard to the father, the letter states that "after a long life of usefulness, he became, towards its close, enfeebled and deranged in mind, and it was said that his death was hastened by his refusal to take sustenance." The writer of the letter read the notice in the Register with great regret, and questions whether it was "humane or productive of any good to call public attention to the misfortunes of the family." He concludes with censure for ministering to the morbid appetite in the community for all the particulars of every catastrophe.

We agree entirely with our correspondent in respect to giving particulars to gratify mere curiosity. But we had seen in the papers the fear expressed, that the *manner* of Mr. B's death would be turned to the disadvantage of religion. Having received our information of the particulars we gave, from a gentleman in whom we put implicit confidence, we supposed we were performing a good office in showing that Mr. B's malady was *constitutional*.

In respect to the occasions of the more rapid development of Mr. B.'s insanity, we mentioned them for warning and rebuke—particularly the harsh censures to which not he alone of ministers has been subjected, when they justly were objects of commiseration, and which have often thrown a gloom over life, if not hastened its close. The *causes* or *occasions* of calamities, when known, act often as *prevention* of the same. Still we may have erred; and for any unnecessary pain given to an already wounded spirit, we express a sincere regret.

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The catalogue of this Institution, which has been sent us, exhibits a very flourishing condition. The summary is as follows:—Resident Licentiates, 6.—First Class, 44.—Second Class, 57.—Third Class, 42. Total 149. They are all regular graduates with the exception of 10, and come from 31 different Colleges and Universities, including one in Ireland, and one in Nova Scotia. There are 5 Instructors—Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, Professor of Pastoral and Polemic Theology; Rev. Dr. Miller, of Ecc. History and Church Government; Rev. Dr. Hodge, of Exegetical and Didactic Theology; Rev. Dr. Joseph Addison Alexander (son of Dr. Archibald) of Oriental and Biblical Literature; Wm. H. Green, A. M. assistant teacher of Hebrew. When shall the Theological Institution at CAMBRIDGE flourish like this!

For the Register.

UNITARIAN DENOMINATIONALISM.

This is the head of an article in your paper of the 27th inst.; and as the subject is of some, though of minor interest, I beg leave to make one inquiry of the writer, first returning to him the compliment which he gives to the writer of the letter to Dr Gannett. "I have read this article three times, with ever increasing admiration at its splendid affluence of diction, and doubt what the writer really would be at." The inquiry I wish to make is, With what subdivision of the Unitarian family the writer worships, which "may be reduced to writing in the simplest terms."—"*Our denomination*," he says, "consists of all who believe there is one "God, and but one, and he but in one person." A Jew could not deny belonging to our denomination. There are Unitarian Baptists, and there are Unitarian Universalists, who deny all future punishments. There are Unitarian disciples of Emanuel Swedenborg, beside divers other denominations of Unitarians. They preach however doctrines from which your correspondent would probably dissent. Many believers in the Unitarian views of the truths of Scripture, as taught and explained by the elder and junior Dr. Ware and by Dr. Channing and by many others whose names and views are familiar to Unitarians, feel it a duty to diffuse widely what has to them been supporting truths. For this purpose money is necessary, they wish to send these intelligible interpretations of Gospel truths, by tracts and by missionaries to various parts of our own country, where there is a great desire to have the ordinances of our religion administered, and a great desire to learn what are the doctrines of this new sect. Those who write and those who purchase to diffuse the Unitarian views of the Bible, would not be truthful, if they sent as Unitarian, the doctrine of no future retribution or the necessity of immersion or of faith in Emanuel Swedenborg—some term is therefore very desirable to designate the doctrines as explained by the small band of believers in Unitarianism in New England. The simple question, if there be a question, is whether those, who have been heretofore called Unitarians shall retain that name, or establish another, or be among the many, that belong to no denomination. Unitarian is the term, by which the places of worship and those who attend them, have been known since the beginning of the present century, when these views first became the subject of public discussion. Let the name then continue as descriptive of a sect, and let it be understood when any one denies that he is a Unitarian, it is simply asserting that he does not concur in opinion, with those who have borne, and now bear the *name* of Unitarian, and not that he does not believe in the Unity, as one may deny that he is a *Christian*, when speaking of a sect—a sect well known as designated by that term, without being supposed or understood to deny that he is a Christian. The Unitarian Association is perhaps too often supposed to be the exponent of Unitarian principles, which it is not. It is an *association*, acts as a body, and like all other bodies must be ruled by the majority, a principle, which Unitarians as such do not adopt. The Unitarian Association is not a synonyme with Unitarian.

It is a subject of regret, that the Christian Register should publish without remark, the sort of ridicule, which the writer indulges upon ordaining Councils. If it be true that our Fathers were altogether mistaken, in adopting the ceremonies required at ordinations, and we act more wisely in dispensing with them; it is not true wisdom in us to term that a farce, which they made a subject of devout prayer. Perhaps the denomination that rejects Councils, (indeed may be considered rejecting *ordinations*,) will be, yet a new, though for the present a minute subdivision of Unitarianism. Y.

Nov. 28th 1847.

☞ We had already expressed, in our remarks on the "Letter to Dr. Gannett" our disapprobation of this sort of ridicule; and in a short editorial paragraph in last week's Register, we supposed that the epithet *Aristophanes*, would sufficiently intimate our own opinion of *parts* of the article. [Ed.

For the Register.

NOTHING BUT JESUS CHRIST.

How many Orthodox clergymen on settling over a Church have said, perhaps preached in their first sermon, that they were determined, in the words of Paul, to know nothing among their people but Jesus Christ; and then ever after preached Paul or Calvin. Their sermons are full of Christ, it is true, in a quibbling sense and taken, as the French say, at the foot of the letter; for they are full of the name of Christ. They repeat that over and over in every un-Christ-like connexion as often as the false priests of old reiterated the name of Baal, as if there was a magic spell in the utterance of a name. But when the doctrines of the sermon are to be sustained by Scriptural quotations they are all taken not from Christ but from Paul; for neither the life nor the words of the former teach any perplexing and mysterious doctrines. Such is therefore not a Gospel sermon, literally not an evangelical sermon, but a sermon from the Epistles.

O how much misty and confusing preaching would be escaped if preachers would really determine to know nothing among their hearers but Jesus Christ. Let the ancient philosophies of Jew and Gentile pass away, the Grecian Sophist, the Oriental Gnostic, the allegories and fables of the Rabbis, the fatalism of the Pharisee, the materialism of the Sadducee, and let us come back to the foolishness, as all these termed the simplicity, of the Gospel. It will be to us the power of God, if we are satisfied to be of Christ, and not rather of Paul, or Philo, or Plato, Calvin, or Wesley. Their speculations, if about the Gospel, are not the Gospel. They are subtile and ingenious, and skilfully addressed to the Jews requiring a sign, or to the Greeks seeking after wisdom, or to the modern lovers of mysticism and extravagance craving excitement; but let us Unitarians preach Christ crucified, that is Christ in his humanity, as the wisdom of God, though to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness, and to the modern seekers for startling paradox unexciting insipidity; because we know that this foolish thing of God is wiser than men with all their philosophic subtleties, and this weak thing of God is stronger than men with all their ambitious boastings. Yes, if we would be saved, let us look quietly and docilely to Jesus Christ, unperplexed by the jarring words of man's wisdom, and let him in his unperverted simplicity become unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption. Carry his moral image deeply infixed in our mind wherever we go, and it will solve all questions of casuistry and paralyze all temptation. Only ask ourselves at any time how He would have acted in such an emergency. From what we know of the principles of His character, how would his spirit have moulded itself into the forms of modern and American life.

Even if we had heard nothing of the oral teaching of the Master, His deeds, His life, His character would have been enough to enable us to say, Jesus Christ is our religion; Christ is Christianity. We need read no incomprehensible, mysterious systems of divinity; we need no ingenious metaphysical speculations, except for curiosity, "for the love of the thing," as they say of Gen. Taylor and the Capt. with $30,000 a year who lost his arm at Churubusco. They went to the war, under no necessity, but "for the love of the thing," for the disinterested love of bloodshed; and so let us study Polemics for the love of the thing only, not to learn Christ. For that, we must study Him and no one else, "not even if an angel from Heaven should bring another Gospel." Christ crucified was the only text-book recommended by the Apostle, and this epithet seems to warrant the supreme desire to know Him personally,—as only his person could be crucified not his teaching,—to know what he was, what he did and suffered even more than what he said, and then of course much more than what any other person has said. The words of Jesus undoubtedly are more precious to us than all words that ever fell from mortal lips or mortal pens; but even His words are subordinate in value and interest to the character manifested by his deportment and deeds. The gracious words explain his acts; they only point out more clearly the inferences we should draw from his life. But if he had never uttered a syllable, but only lived as he did and died as he did, and then lived again as he did, it might have been still a mighty revelation to the saving of the soul. It would have told us, there was life beyond the grave, and the character necessary to attain to its glories; and those are the two great points we want to have determined.

Therefore well might St. Paul, and well may all modern preachers determine among their hearers to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. For set Him up before their eyes, and they set up at once all duty and all hope; they have preached all essential doctrines, they have proclaimed all needed consolations. He is the epitome of the commandment in visible form; the table of the Decalogue with the 11th, the golden Christian commandment, added, in tender sympathising flesh. We read the Word of God to know our duty, but cast a glance at the Word made flesh, the Scriptures embodied; and we will say the whole Bible cannot explain so distinctly and so completely what our character should aim at as the study of this Bible incarnate can.

But let us not be Nominalists in preaching or hearing Christ, but Realists. To preach His name is not to preach Him. He may not be named and yet be preached virtually and in effect, if the sermon is full of his spirit; as there are two whole books of the Bible in which the name of God does not occur, and yet they are not Godless for that, since his Spirit is breathed through them where his name is not heard. For the sake of variety and illustration the pulpit may make other subjects at times seemingly more prominent, but if they or the treatment of them are ever adverse to the temper of our Master the pulpit is false to its trust. Nay more, if they are not directly adapted to make us simply like what He was in life and death, the pulpit is false to its trust and we should not hear us it. Better far would it be just to name the grace or duty, and then, instead of abstract analysis and description, to say, "look at our Lord and Master; see how His life exemplified that grace or duty." Better would it be, instead of elaborate theories of immortality, to show Jesus publicly put to death, in order that his resurrection, his immortality, might be as publicly known. Is not one actual example worth more than a thousand theories? H. G. E.

For the Register.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1847.

The New York Observer of last week charges Crito with a want of veracity in his remarks under the head of "Decline of Orthodoxy."

The readers of this correspondence will remember that my remarks about the decline of Orthodoxy were based upon Orthodox admissions of the fact. The New York Evangelist had stated that Dr. Patten in a sermon before the Synod in the city had affirmed, in substance, that preaching among the Orthodox had become comparatively powerless, producing few of the marked effects which attended it a few years since. The Synod itself subsequently reiterated the sentiment, in a resolution lamenting the decline of piety within their bounds, &c.

If then, there is any question respecting the decline of Orthodoxy, the Synod and Dr. Patton are the parties whose veracity the Observer has impeached. For my part, believing they spoke the simple truth, I occupied myself in inquiring for the reasons of that decline. If the Observer desires a controversy on the question of the decline of Orthodoxy let him meet the statements of the Synod and the late pastor of Spring Street Church.

The Observer takes no notice, not the least, of my authority but represents me as "laboring at great length to show that the spread of Orthodoxy is arrested." If our readers will take the trouble to examine the respective claims of the Observer and Crito to veracity, I shall be content with their decision.

The Observer refers to the multiplicaton of Churches in New York the last nine years as disproving the alleged decline of Orthodoxy. Very well. Let the Synod and Dr. Patton reply. They brought the charge, let them take care of it. I might say that under all circumstances, this increase of Churches does not disprove any thing that has been alleged. It has not been said, so far as I am informed, that the decline involved to any great extent the separation of themselves from their old connection of those whose Orthodoxy has declined, or that the Orthodox congregations have decreased. The force of habit, family connections, business interests, and a variety of other considerations operate to make men unwilling to leave one Church for another, even when they have no longer a regard for the Church in which they are fixed. To leave an Orthodox connection for any other is a perilous leap and whoever ventures it may expect to be pursued with unrelenting bitterness and to suffer in all his temporal interests, and I do not doubt that the dread of this operates upon many minds and they remain in nominal subjection to Orthodox rule. The decline of which the Synod spoke and to which Dr. Patton bore witness is *a falling off of the power of the Orthodox system in the very bosom of the Churches professing that system*. It is becoming a dead letter, an unregarded creed in the esteem of the congregations. They may not abandon the pews in which their fathers and grandfathers sat before them; they may not organise themselves into separate communities or Churches, but they no longer relish and approve the faith once dear to them. It has lost its hold on their affections, and its influence over their lives. This is the history of almost every great decline. Witness Geneva, Germany, New England. The outward form, the public symbols remain unchanged while the inward spirit is dying out, and a new and better life germinates, extends itself and gradually casts off the old vestments, which is the last not the first thing in such revolutions.

The multiplication of Presbyterian Churches in New York of which the Observer speaks, is a small matter for various reasons. For instance, the population of the city has increased propably from 130 to 150,000 within the last eight or ten years, which alone would call for many new Churches; and then, every one is aware that the growth of the city can only take place in a northerly direction and that consequently the people of all denominations are driven every year to build new Churches to have them within reasonable distance of the new residences.

There are a good many Churches in this city whose existence is no credit to any body. Commenced in the spirit of bitter and unhallowed strife, and with no means to pay for their house of worship, they have inflicted serious injustice upon the mechanics employed to build it, or unnecessary burdens upon the public, while at the same time the Church from which they separated has been rendered weak and dependent. I have seen one weak Church become two helpless ones before now. Whether any such cases are among the Observer's additions, I am not called upon to inquire.

Truly your's, CRITO.

A remark dropped in the article on denominationalism has been the occasion of the following strictures, which under the circumstances we admit, leaving out, however, a few remarks reflecting on personal motive and character, which the author we are sure would not have made, if he knew the name of his obnoxious friend.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—The writer of the article on "Unitarian Denominationalism" in your last Register has seen fit to say, in illustrating his remarks against the excitement it produced, that it brings to the mind the remark of "a shrewd man" on the excitement against the "Morgan-murdering Masons"—that he "had always thought Masonry the most consummate nonsense deviseable till he heard of Anti-masonry."

This I have heard before in something like the same language; and I have also heard it parallelized thus—"Masonry is *silly*, Anti-masonry *more silly*, and he who makes such a comparison is *most silly*. Was it ever thought otherwise than laudable to be excited in any known murder! The murder of Morgan was committed by an organized band and for no cause against the laws of our country; and nevertheless in the eyes of this shrewd remaker and his follower, to be opposed to such conduct is "the most consummate nonsense deviseable."!

The Hon. Richard Rush after noticing the protection which the abductors and murderers of Morgan received at the Lockport trials says. "I thence lay it down with a confidence that in my my mind admits of no qualification, that the multiplied and proven dangers of masonry, render the effort for its extirpation the highest public duty which our citizens can be summoned to perform at the approaching election for a President." The date of this was August 13th, 1831.

Nov. 29, 1847. G.

For the Register.

AN APPEAL TO THE WOMEN OF THE NATION.

We are happy to receive the following from a female friend, and earnestly wish it a God-speed to the hearts of those to whom it is addressed. [ED.

Sir, Observing the call in your paper a week or two since to the women to interest themselves in the cause of Peace, I thought it ought to meet with some response, and therefore endeavored to utter a voice which, however feeble, may reach the hearts of some.

SISTERS & COUNTRY-WOMEN,—My heart is stirred within me when I think of the infamous war in which this nation is now engaged. I blush for my country when I think of the position in which she stands before the world—and I have been waiting, hoping that some more gifted pen than mine would address you on this subject. Do you ask why? What have we women to do with war? Alas, my sisters, the question would prove that you had given but little attention to the horrid scenes now passing before you.

Have you read the accounts of the storming of Vera Cruz,—of the capture of Monterey and the city of Mexico? of the excesses and butcheries committed by our troops, and the outrages to which our helpless Mexican sisters and their innocent children have been exposed? of the brutal murder of a father by one of our volunteers in presence of his wife and family because he refused to sell his young daughter for gold? and do you consider by whom these atrocities are perpetrated? By your countrymen, your sons, your brothers—who have some of them left happy homes, and have even joined from a mistaken sense of duty a contest from which their consciences and feelings of humanity alike revolted.

Alas, alas, I fear that even Peace when she returns to us will not come with healing on her wings—but that when your sons who left you tall, erect, with firm step and open manly countenance, shall return to you maimed, crippled, and even more sadly changed in their moral natures, you will then most truly feel that your homes are indeed left unto you desolate. Widowed and childless will you indeed be, when they return to you but to be your scourges instead of your protectors, and you will think those mothers most happy whose children have fallen by disease on the battle field, even though they had not the sad consolation of attending upon their dying moments.

And now, do you ask, what have we to do with this war? I answer, you have this to do with it. To use from this moment all the influence you possess over those you love to prevent them from joining, or in any way aiding this unholy contest. Officers are now returning from Mexico with directions to raise fresh recruits. Rouse yourselves then and put forth all your energy. Suffer them not to ensnare one of your beloved children with their deceitful wiles, but exert all your efforts to inspire your children with such a detestation of war, and such a love for the true glory of humanity and peace, that they shall deem it no more honor to "slay a Mexican" than to slay any other weak and defenceless neighbor. Leave nothing unsaid, no means untried, to effect this object, and may God bless and prosper your endeavors.

Your friend and countrywoman.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHURCH AS IT IS: or the Forlorn Hope of Slavery. By Parker Pillsbury. 2nd edition. From Bela Marsh.

It is the author's aim "to exhibit the Church as it was; the Church as it is; and the Church as it might be." We regret that there is, and has been, so much in the Church to justify the accusations of this pamphlet. But the author proceeds in such a spirit; is so unfair where there is no reason for it; construes so much that is really commendable into matter of censure, that one is tempted to say, Let me err with the Church, rather than think rightly with him.

CHRISTIANITY AND SLAVERY. Strictures on Rev. Wm. Hague's Review of Doctors Fuller and Wayland. By Thos. Meredith, Raleigh, N. C. From Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

If it is right to give over any man to the tormentors, we should be willing that every defender of slavery from the Bible, like Mr. Meredith, should be consigned to the hands of Mr. Pillsbury, (the Mr. Pillsbury above, not him of the N. H. State Prison) but with express limitation of forty stripes save one, lest Mr. Pillsbury in his love of the work should chastise to the death. Mr. M's argument is set forth in three propositions. 1. "That the apostles were bound to denounce all sinful relations known to exist in the churches under their care. 2. That the relation of master and slave was known to exist in said churches. 3. That the apostles did not denounce said relation." Now the *first* and *third* propositions depend on that little word *denounce*. There is an *indirect* as well as direct way of assailing *sin*, and it is sometimes more effectual than the direct and denunciatory. This the apostles sometimes though not always employed. The general truths, moreover, that they advanced when fully apprehended, would disclose the enormity of slavery as with flaming fire.

UNION MAGAZINE for December. There is no American Magazine laid on our table more attractive than this. The engraving, "Steps to Ruin, No. 2," is a very fine one.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR DECEMBER. We noticed the improvement in the engravings in the last number. It sometimes falls to our lot, having commended a particular number of a work, to see in a subsequent number that which makes us ashamed of our previous commendation—and it is so with the December engravings of this periodical.

DAGUERROTYPE, No. 8. From J. M. Whitemore.

CHAMBERS' MISCELLANY, No. 7. Contains Life of Captain Cook, Anecdotes of the Horse

Life Assurance, Excursion to the Oregon, &c. From Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

HOWITT'S JOURNAL AND PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. November. From Crosby & Nichols.

The engravings of George Thompson, of Laura Bridgman, of Milking in the Highlands, in Howitt; of Fast Days, of Lieutenant Holman, Shakspere's Birth-place, and Sweep Ho, in People's, are admirable. If we were near enough to Mr. Saunders, we think we should venture to tell him at the risk of the reply, "Honi soit qui mal y pense"—that our American modesty is somewhat shocked at his "Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." And to Mr. Howitt we would say, that he might have chosen a happier emblem than the young Bacchanals around the barrel of new wine, for the cheerfulness and tranquil splendor of the month of October. The reading as usual is excellent and of great variety.

POEMS, original and selected, by Mrs. Bennison. Boston. Printed for the Author. From Crosby & Nichols.

These poems lay no claim to being poetry. But their spirit is lovely, and some of them impart pleasure. The proceeds of the sales are devoted to the education of two deaf mutes—the children of the author.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN. By Ira Chase, D. D.

This book is "compiled chiefly from Bunyan's own writings, and other authentic sources." Professor Chase's name is a guarantee that his work is done with fidelity. The vivid religious experience of the author of the Pilgrim's Progress may be read with profit by all, if only it be considered that God's *method* of grace, extended to him, is not the rule for all.

THE EDINBURG REVIEW. No. 174. For October 1847. American Edition. Vol. 27. No. II.

We are happy to receive this number from T. Wiley, Jr. It contains 10 articles—1. Navigation Laws; 2. Antiquarianism in England; 3. Germany; 4. American Commerce and Statistics; 5. The Study of the Christian Evidences; 6. Holland, its Rural Industry and its Drainage; 7. Napier's Florentine History; 8. The Papal States—Pius IX; 9. Celtic Clearings and Highland Passes; 10. Prevention of Crime; Popular Education. Some of these subjects are, as it will at once be seen, of vital importance, and they are discussed with great directness and power. The fifth and tenth articles should not fail to be read by every one who seeks to promote the moral and religious interests of his fellow men.

OUR DAY. A Gift for the Times. Edited by J. G. Adams. From B. B. Mussey & Co.

The design of this little Gift Book is well conceived and well executed, and the dress in which it is presented is honorable to the taste of the publishers. Its character is correctly given in the preface. "It will speak freely of the reform movements of our day. It is not a sectarian book, but is designed to speak the free thoughts of free minds." Among its contributors are Messrs. Ballou, Chapin, King, Stetson, Parker, the Editor, Whittier, Horace Greely, S. E. Coues.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN: His true Position and Duties. A Discourse delivered at Union College, July 1847. By Theodore Sedgwick. From Little & Brown.

A classical performance, and rich in wisdom. Mr. S. presents what is attainable and possible, but alas, how few reach it! How few accomplish the work! "Sweet," says he, "is the breath of popular applause, fair the laurel crown, and flattering the lofty column; but when the supreme hour shall come, the most grateful, and the most emphatic monument of virtue that mortals can raise, is the brief record—*He assisted in the progress of his race.*"

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 185.

Full of excellent articles.—Also No. 186. For contents of last No. see advertisement.

PRACTICAL PHYSIOLOGY. For the use of Schools and Families. By Edward Jarvis, M. D.—From the Author.

Dr. J. says in the Prefsce, that his work "describes only those organs, and teaches only those principles, which are necessary to be known for the correct management of our organs, the maintenance of health, and the preservation of life. All other anatomical and physiological matters, which, however interesting to the naturalist, or useful to the medical student, are not necessary for the government of our daily actions, are here omitted." This certainly is a great excellence, in a work of the kind. Dr. J. has met a great want. We wish the want were *felt* more than it is. We know nothing so little as we do ourselves, even when that knowledge is within our reach. And of nothing can it be said with more truth, "The people *perish* for lack of knowledge."

Notices of Dr. Gardner's "Student in Paris," and "Paige's Commentary," prepared for this week's Register are deferred for want of room.

There have also just been laid on our table—

PRESIDENT WAYLAND'S three Sermons on the Duty of obedience to the civil Magistrate. From Little & Brown.

REV. H. W. BELLOWS' Sermon at the Ordination of Mr. Knapp, with the Charge, &c.;

REV. DR. GANNETT'S SERMON on the Death of Judge Ward;

THE UNITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL REGISTER, for 1848;—From Crosby & Nichols.

Also, DR. HOLMES' Introductory Lecture before the Med. Class of Harvard University. From Ticknor, & Co.

OBITUARIES.

For the Register.

REV. SAMUEL RIPLEY.

The recent death of the Rev. SAMUEL RIPLEY of Concord,—another of the good and useful men, who have ceased from the labors of the Christian ministry in the Unitarian faith—claims a record of respectful and grateful remembrance. This event, affecting as it must have been under any circumstances, was made more touchingly solemn by the suddenness, with which it fell upon his friends. The life and the departure of one, who did so much to create for himself a lasting memorial in the hearts of no small portion of our community, cannot soon be forgotten by any whose privilege it was to be acquainted with his unremitted labors and his Christian virtues.

Mr. Ripley was born at Concord, Mass., on the 11th of March, 1783. His childhood and youth were eminently blessed by the care of a father, whose praise is in all our churches, whose name is hallowed by a wise and faithful ministry extended to a most unusual period, whose old age was a venerable spectacle, and whose memory is laid up among the best and holiest things in the hearts of those to whom he ministered. Mr. Ripley enjoyed the means of education common at that time, and having passed through the preparatory studies in his native town, entered Harvard College, where his position was a highly respectable one, and became a graduate of that Institution in 1804. On leaving College, he spent some time at the South as an instructor, pursuing meanwhile theological studies. Having continued these studies to the usual extent with much interest and fidelity, he became a candidate for the work of the Christian ministry. His preaching and services in several places gave ample evidence of his fitness for that work. In August, 1809, he received a call to the sacred office from the Congregational Church in Waltham, and was ordained there, as successor to the venerable Dr. Cushing, November 22d of that year. His ministry was a long, and for the most part a very happy one. Not many instances can be named of clerical duties discharged, year after year, with more uniform diligence, wisdom, and faithfulness. To his other labors he was obliged to add those of a teacher of youth, and in connexion with the distinguished and beloved lady, with whom it was his happiness to be united in marriage, prepared during a series of years a large number of students for Harvard College. On the 27th of October, 1841, he had the pleasure of receiving as a colleague the Rev. George F. Simmons, who, after a short ministry, resigned his office, and was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Hill, ordained December 24, 1845. In the spring of 1846, Mr. Ripley, after retiring from the ministry in Waltham, removed to Concord, having previously taken charge of the Unitarian Society in the neighboring town of Lincoln, which he retained in a manner most acceptable and edifying to them till his death. In the ancient home of his youth, he purposed to spend what might remain of life; and his friends hoped he would find a lengthened and green old age on that spot of quiet beauty, the peculiarities of which have been so charmingly portrayed by the genius of Hawthorne.* But the Wisdom which cannot err, had decreed otherwise. For some time he had been aware of the indications of a disease of the heart, which he had supposed might soon prove fatal. On the stormy evening of the 24th of November, he went to the depot of the Rail-road, to take home some of his family, who were to meet at his house on the late Thanksgiving day. He had not gone far on his return, when he suddenly fell back in the carriage, and instantly died in the arms of his children. As a husband and a father, there had gathered around him that hearty affection, which devoted exertions and long-tried love naturally create in the domestic relations. On his energy, his untired labor, his loving care, a large household leaned for many years, as on a pillar of strength. In a moment it was struck down in the midst of them, even at the hour when the joyful associations of the old New England festival were gathering around their hearts. Bitter and dark was the grief which came over a family but just before so blessed and happy. Mr. Ripley was somewhat more than 64 years old when he died.

Those who were near him for many years, received from him so much true kindness, and saw in him so much which was good, generous, and excellent, that they may be tempted to speak of him in terms, which might seem too exclusively the language of friendship. But no one could know him well, without being prepared to say that he was a man of large heart, of manly soul, of fearless devotedness to truth and right,—that strong good sense, earnest feeling, and the most honest and honorable purposes were woven into the whole texture of his life. Of few men could it be said, that they were so thoroughly unselfish as he was. He felt for others, as a kind hearted man and a Christian feels. He was generous, benevolent, and true. In these qualities of his character there was a warmth, a spontaneousness, a forgetfulness of self, which gave them the form of an unbidden result of principles cherished so long and so deeply, that they worked with the quickness and naturalness of impulse. Those, who were well acquainted with him, knew so much of the pains he would take, the efforts and sacrifices he would make, for the good or the relief of others, that all this was identified, as a matter of course, with their thoughts of him. The instances of this were thick strewn through the varying scenes of an earnest, hard-working, devoted life; for such his life was in no common degree. He had adopted as a practical principle, the beautiful maxim of Jesus,—"it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and with peculiar pertinency could he have said to those, among whom he labored, as Paul said to the elders of Ephesus, "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel: yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me."

If it be a service of high moment to the interests of society to direct youthful minds in the paths of learning and virtuous discipline, then was he truly a benefactor to the community; for he gave, with conscientious diligence and signal success, to the work of education what time could be spared from other duties, for many laborious years; and not few are they, who have looked back upon the tuition of his school as affording the best elements of whatever good they have been able to achieve.

In that higher relation, which Mr. Ripley sustained as a minister of the Christian Church, the memorials of his activity and usefulness are many. None, who knew him in this capacity, will need to be reminded that he loved the duties of his profession with a love reaching from the freshness of youth to the last hour of his life, and that he discharged these duties with no common fidelity and devotedness. He brought to his work an open and practical mind. His preaching was direct, earnest, plain, faithful; he never feared to rebuke sin; and he administered the rebuke with manly firmness, though never, it is believed, in any other spirit than that of love. He sought to make the pulpit an instrument of building up the kingdom of Christ among men. While he valued highly, and was always ready in due proportion and on fitting occasions to defend, enlightened and evangelical views of doctrinal or speculative truth, yet his own taste led him to take more pleasure in those exhibitions of Christianity, which move directly the deep springs of action, and bear at once upon the great realities of practical improvement. He loved better to quicken the conscience than to fortify a creed, to amend the life than to amuse the intellect, to cherish spiritual growth than controversial skill. There are testimonies enough to give the assurance that his sermons, if they were not of that class of questionable utility called *brilliant* sermons, yet frequently left the most salutary and long remembered impressions. He never preached to exhibit himself, but with the single aim to give his word in aid of the great cause of truth and righteousness.

As a pastor, he was affectionate, prompt, and watchfully attentive to the wants and welfare of all committed to his care. The afflicted, the sick, the needy, they who were in sorrow or perplexity, felt his presence to be a blessing, and were cheered by his considerate kindness, his unwearied efforts for their good. The most gratifying testimony to its usefulness in this respect may be found among the congregation in Waltham, where for so many years he exercised a diligent ministry of truth and love; and the same testimony is repeated by the little flock in Lincoln, whom of late for a briefer space—with a deep interest in their religious welfare—he was happy to serve in the Gospel of Christ. From the time of his ordination to his last hour on earth, it may justly be said, that the great objects of the Christian ministry lay nearest to his heart. It ought especially to be mentioned, that in the latter part of his life he felt a warmer and ever increasing interest in the great questions of humanity, which have taken so deep a hold on the public mind among us,—the questions respecting the application of Christian principles to all forms of wrong, injustice, and suffering.

By his brethren in the ministry, particularly by the Association to which he belonged, and over which for several years he presided, Mr. Ripley was held in high respect. They knew he was a true, frank, honest-hearted man, always sincere, always without disguise,—for this indeed was what all knew him to be; and therefore he had their confidence and best regard, even when he used such plainness of speech as in some men, and under other circumstances, might have been unacceptable. His brethren can never forget the genial impression left by his presence among them, the pleasure he felt in meeting them as a brother, a fellow-laborer in their common cause of truth and holiness, the good sense and firm principle he always manifested, his just counsels, his ready and warm sympathy, the gratification he enjoyed in their prosperity, his hearty feeling for them in sufferings and trials. It will not be easy to make good to them the place, which he occupied in their circle, and in their esteem.

A good and faithful man has gone from us; and such men we feel that we can ill afford to lose. But we do *not* lose them. For, well did an ancient sage say, "the memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with men; when it is present, men take example at it; and when it is gone, they desire it: it weareth a crown, and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards." The eye is quenched in darkness; the hand crumbles into dust; but that, which made the individual what he was, remains and will always remain. Nothing is more true than what was said of a good man of the ancient days,—"being dead, he yet speaketh,"—speaketh of the spirit's work and the spirit's blessing. These are things which cannot die. Faith lifts her eye from the ministry on earth to the ministry above, from the service here, where sorrows sadden and perplexities oppress, to the upper service, which changes only by ascending from improvement to improvement, from lower to higher degrees of union with God. Shall not the appointed work be so performed, that we may rise to our Father's love through the tasks and trials of life!

"Thus smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?"

* Mosses from an Old Manse, Part I., where "the Author makes the Reader acquainted with his abode."

ELIZA WILLIAMS REED.

Died in this city, on the evening of Dec. 1, of inflammation of the brain, Eliza Williams Reed, aged nine years, only daughter of the Proprietor of the Christian Register. Not the parents alone will feel bereaved in the departure of this sweet little girl to her heavenly home, no more to impart hope and happiness by her presence here below. There remain to the parents, the memory of the dear child as a priceless treasure and the consolation imparted by the gospel of Jesus, who assures their hearts,—"It is not the will of your Father in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish." She is theirs still—all our departed loved ones are ours still—though in heaven.—They are gone from us only for a season, and we all are strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

SECULAR SUMMARY.

The following notice of a new enterprise we copy from the Daily Evening Traveller:—

NEWSPAPER EXCHANGE. The importance of a concentration of business of the same kind, in the same neighborhood, has been felt, and to a considerable extent acted on, by different professions and trades. It was suggested, some time ago, that the publishers of newspapers would derive important advantages from a nearer proximity, and especially from having a sort of Newspaper Exchange. We are happy to be able to announce that a very handsome beginning has been made towards carrying out this important suggestion. Early in the spring, Mr. G. F. Bemis, an enterprising printer, who, by industry and energy, has gradually become the most extensive printer of newspapers in this city—took a long lease of the fine, large, four story building in School street, known as Harding's Gallery, and the house directly back of it, on Harvard Place, for the purpose of establishing a Newspaper Exchange. These buildings contain sixteen rooms, many of them large and high studded, and all well lighted. These have been nicely fitted up and put in order for composition and press rooms, counting rooms, and rooms for editorial use. A superior steam engine, of power sufficient to drive fifteen or twenty presses, has been placed in the basement of the back building, and the necessary shafts, bands and machinery put up for driving power presses. Most of the rooms are already occupied, four power presses set in motion, and operations fairly commenced, much to the convenience and satisfaction of all concerned.

There are now printed under these roofs no less than fourteen papers—daily, semi-weekly and weekly—as follows: The American Traveller—daily, semi-weekly and weekly—The Athenæum, Christian Alliance & Visiter, Christian Register, Christian Watchman, Journal of the Times, Light Ship, Massachusetts Ploughman, N. E. Puritan, Minor Puritan, Saturday Rambler, and the Yankee Blade. Besides these, three other papers will probably be added to the list. Several of the above papers have their counting rooms and editors' rooms in the same building.

There are now sixty five persons constantly employed in this Exchange in the business of editing, composing and printing newspapers; and between 80,000 and 100,000 sheets—most of them very large ones—are printed and published at this establishment every week. The aggregate yearly expenditure for paper alone used in this Exchange cannot be less than $30,000; and the amount paid for the labor of those employed in preparing this paper for publication must amount to at least $25,000 more.

It will thus appear that this new establishment is well entitled to the name which the proprietor has given to it—a NEWSPAPER EXCHANGE.

ENGLAND. The news from England by the Acadia, was eleven days later than by previous arrivals. Though the money pressure is represented to have been unprecedented, and as having reached every branch of the trading community, yet those claiming to be acquainted with such matters have said, in the London Times, that no one has failed who ought not to have failed, and who would not have failed at any time, had all the circumstances about him have been known."

The telegraphic news from London, on the day the Acadia sailed, was more encouraging, as were also the accounts by the India mail, then just arrived.

IRELAND is still a scene of anarchy and confusion. "Murders, cruel, blood-thirsty murders continue to disgrace the South and South Western provinces." The question of tonant-right is under discussion, and agitates the kingdom from one end to the other.

FRANCE. At a cabinet council held at St. Cloud, on the 27th ult., the question of an armed intervention in Switzerland was again discussed. M. Duchatel and Guizot were for it, and the minister of War against it. The King was for conciliatory measures.

It is reported that government will, during the next session, bring in a bill to repeal the law which excludes the Bonaparte family from France.

ITALY. To the honor of the Pope, the subscriptions for monuments to him, in different cities and States have, by his request been changed and devoted to the erections of one grand central Hospital for the aged indigent, at Rome.

The edifice is to be constructed on an immense scale and is to bear the name of the Pope. It is a feature of the plan that each of the Papal States shall have a right to a number of admissions to the hospital proportioned to its contribution.

CHRISTIANS OF THE LEBANON. The Sultan has expressed to the Pope his desire that the protection of the Christians of the Lebanon should be under the direction of a representative of the Holy See. The Pope at once complied and re-established the office of Patriarch of Jerusalem. He has appointed to the dignity a simple priest, for the last eight years a missionary to Persia. In allusion to this measure, the London Times says:—

"The game which M. Guizot has been playing in Syria, in furtherance of the great project of his Royal Master, has been rendered completely and for ever futile by the simple, but highly important resolve of the Sultan, that the protection of the Christians of the Lebanon shall be henceforth under the direction of a representative of the Holy See. The wisdom of a conception which puts an end to all pretext on the part of France for interference in his dominions is not less honorable to the youthful Sovereign of Turkey than consolatory to Christendom.

RUSSIA. The cholera had appeared at Moscow. The Emperor left Warsaw, Oct. 27th for St. Petersburgh.

SHIP CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ. The London Daily news informs us of the probable success of the plan of Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, for the Union of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, by a Ship Canal across the Isthmus. Having failed to interest the governments of Europe in the enterprise, he endeavored to awaken the spirit of private enterprise among the great commercial and financial interests of Europe. By the last despatches from the Levant we learn that a joint company, formed of capitalists and merchants of London, Paris and Vienna, have sent their agents to the theatre of the projected operations. The reports which have reached give assurance that surveys have already been made sufficient to remove all doubt of the practicability of the project within those limits of expenditure which will secure the support of prudent capitalists. The projected canal is to have a width aud depth sufficient to float a first-rate man of war.

☞ A USEFUL INVENTION. One of the novelties of the fair, which we have several times examined with much interest, is the *Dentometer*, the name of a new and ingenious instrument, invented by Dr Morton, the discoverer of the new application of ether, which is intended as a meter for the teeth, or rather for the sockets of the teeth, and the jaw, to enable dentists in the manufacture of sets of teeth, to determine to a mathematical certainty, the exact shape of the mouths in which they are to be placed, and to detect in an instant any discrepancy either in the form of the plate, or in the relative position of the teeth as set upon it. By means of this, then, there are several points in the art of dentistry gained, which are of the most vital importance, both to the operator and the patient. The operator is enabled at a glance, to detect the most minute deviation from the proper form in his work. An invention like this must surely be appreciated by every dentist; it will he the means of affording relief to thousands upon thousands, who have suffered year after year, not only inconvenience, but absolute pain; the value of an instrument like this must be apparent to every person. Dr. Morton's Office is at 19, Tremont Row. dec4

☞ NOTICE. The Quarterly Charity Lecture, will be preached in the Old South Church, to-morrow, (Sunday) evening, at 7 o'clock. dec4

☞ The Unitarian Church in Athol, Mass., having been remodelled and repaired, will be re-dedicated on Wednesday, the 8th of December. Services to commence at half past two in the afternoon.

All those friends who feel interested in this Society, are invited to be present at the Dedication; and also, at the Collation in the Evening. Tickets for the Collation 25 cents—the receipts of which will be appropriated for furnishing the House.

Athol, Nov. 26, 1847. dec4

☞ CARD. The First Parish Congregation of Haverhill, acknowledges with the deepest gratitude a Donation of Fifty Dollars from a Lady of the North Church, (Mr. Frothingham's,) of Salem. dec4

☞ The Rev. Dr. BARRETT, will preach at the Church in Hollis Street, on Sunday, the 5th December. 6-4 dec4

☞ THE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN CANTON, ILL. The Books forwarded to this Sunday School safely arrived, and a Card of acknowledgment has been returned, which will be found below. The Superintendent also writes as follows:—"Since my last I have organized another School of some forty or fifty scholars, with flattering prospects."

MR. PRAY,—Dear Sir: We feel very grateful to you, and other friends, away in Boston, for the deep and generous interest, you have taken in our welfare, here in this western country, by sending us a beautiful collection of Sunday School Books. We hope to derive great benefit from them. You will please accept our sincere thanks for the same.

Yours respectfully,
In behalf of the Sunday School,
WM. TRUESDALE, and seven others.
dec4

☞ HUMAN NATURE—ITS PRIMITIVE SPRINGS OF ACTION AND THE METHOD AND CONDITION OF ITS TRUE DEVELOPMENT. A series of Discourses upon the subject will be begun by W. H. Channing on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28th. The preacher desires, by a mode of treatment at once scientific and practical, to exhibit the Divine Law of Order, by obedience to which individual and collective well being may be insured, and he cordially invites fellow-Christians to listen to the "reason for the hope that is in" him. The Religious Union of Associationists meets at the usual hour of afternoon service at Washingtonian Hall, Bromfield Street. dec4

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 30th, by Rev Mr Barnard, Mr James Drummond to Miss Mary Underwood.

28th inst, by Rev F. T. Gray, Mr John Faxon to Miss Sarah C. Hamilton, both of this city.

At the Church in Church Green, by Rev Dr Young, Mr Nathaniel D. Grover to Miss Mary E. Stoddard, both of this city.

In Charlestown, 25th inst, by Rev George E. Ellis, Mr H. S. Whitmore, of Boston, to Miss Mary A. Maria, only daughter of S. Varney, Esq., of C.

In Brunswick, Me., 15th inst, George Woodhouse, M. D. of Meredith Bridge, N. H., to Miss Elizabeth A., daughter of Professor Cleveland of Bowdoin College.

In Francestown, N. H., 29th inst, by Rev J. McGee, Mr Levi B. Morse of Boston, to Miss Marion N. Parker of F.

DEATHS.

In this city, 26th inst, of typhus fever, Richard Devens Harris, Esq., 67.

In Worcster, after a long and distressing illness, Mrs Hannah Wetherell, 53, wife of Mr J. W. Wetherell, and daughter of Capt. Sam'l Chamberlain of Petersham;—a lady estimable in private life, and an exemplary and devoted Christian. [Com.

In Kennebunkport, Me., Hon. John G. Perkins, 56.

In Newark, N. J., 24th inst, James Beard, 80, lately from England. He was the father of 27 children, of whom 22 were daughters, and his youngest child, a son, is only seven years of age.

TESTIMONY OF THE DOCTORS IN FAVOR OF WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. Exeter, Me., Sept 30, 1845.

This certifies that I have recommended the use of Dr *WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY* for diseases of the Lungs, for two years past, and many bottles to my knowledge have been used by my patients, all with beneficial results. In two cases, where it was thought confirmed consumption had taken place, the Wild Cherry effected a cure.

E. BODEN, Physician at Exeter Corner.

Dr Bradford Knapp, of Crown Point, N. Y., in a letter August 3d, 1845, says: "In the course of my practice in this vicinity I have tested in some good degree the good qualities of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* in Pulmonary Complaints, and I now wish to procure a supply of the medicine."

Dr A. H. Macnair, of Tarboro, North Carolina, writes us under date of Feb. 14, 1847, that he has used Dr Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry in his practice the last eighteen months, and considers it the best preparation of the kind he ever saw, and knows of none so deserving the public patronage.

Dr Wm A. Shaw, of Washington, N. C., writes, under date of May, 1843, as follows:

"I have heard of many cases of decided beneficial effects from its use, especially in Asthma and chronic cough of spasmodic character. I have used the Wild Cherry a great deal in practice, and with marked good results in those cases of great nervous mobility, and irritability, to which phthisical patients are subject. The combination of these principles in Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is *ingenious* and *judicious*.

Medical men are justly distrustful of Patent Medicines in general, but candor must discriminate between outrageous humbugs and nostrums and those medicines which have proved *salutary*, and in many well attested cases *curative*."

Dr Hoffman, Huntingdon, Pa., cured a child of Asthma with it, after he declared he could do no more with his medicine, and the child must die.

Dr Freleigh, of Saugerties, N. Y., says he cured Liver Complaint of four years standing, that would not yield to the usual remedies.

Abraham Skillman, M. D., of Boundbrook, N. J., says it is the best medicine for Consumption *in every stage*, that he has ever known. We might refer you to hundreds of cases, had we room, that would convince all of its great virtue.

Editors, lawyers, clergymen, and almost every class have at last found out that Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is what "it is recommended to be," the very best medicine to be found. It cures or relieves all affections of the Lungs when nothing else will.

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[Any paper copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

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A Sermon preached at the Ordination of Mr Frederick N. Knapp—by Henry W. Bellows, with the Charge, &c.

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POETRY.

For the Register.

THE SOUL'S PREPARATION FOR ADVERSITY.

How stript and bare is every bush and tree
Of all the pride of summer and of spring;
Each of its vain encumbrance shaken free,
While winter's blasts through all their branches ring!
So when Thou would'st thy children should prepare
To meet adversity, and pain, and death,
To suffer all things, every danger dare;
Thou scatterest, Father, with the tempest's breath
All that they cling to in their hour of pride,
All that the world calls greatness, beauty, power;
That they in Thee alone may then confide,
And find their proper strength in that lone hour,
When this world's glory burdens, or is gone;
And we must look to Thee, and Thee alone.

J. V.

HYMN.

Written for the Dedication of the Church of the Saviour.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Ancient of Days! except thou deign
Upon our finished task to smile,
The workman's hand has toiled in vain,
To hew the rock, and rear the pile.

O, let thy peace, the peace that tames
The wayward heart, inhabit here;
That quenches passion's fiercest flames,
And thaws the deadly frost of fear.

And send thy love; the love that bears
Meekly with hate, and scorn, and wrong;
And lends itself with generous cares;
And toils, and hopes, and watches long.

Here may bold tongues thy truth proclaim,
Unmingled with the dreams of men,
As from His holy lips it came,
Who died for us, and rose again.

WINTER.

"You're welcome, Old winter!" the rich man cries,
With a bosom of proud content,
As round his carpeted halls his eyes
With a meaning glance are sent;
For the fires burn bright, and the casements tall
Are curtained with drapery rare—
The winds may howl and the snow may fall,
But what doth the rich man care!

"You're welcome, Old Winter!" the gay lad cries,
As he plunges into the snow,
Or o'er the ice-bound streamlet flies,
Like a shaft from the twanging bow;
For garments warm are about his form,
And his sport is rich and rare!
Old Winter may blaster and rave and storm,
But what doth the urchin care!

"Oh! Winter is dreary!" the poor man cries,
As he wends along the street,
While the snow in his frost-nipp'd visage flies
And benumbs his unshod feet!
"Oh! winter is dre-r!" But there's none to hear
The plea of the poor and old;
Straight on goes the crowd with unlistening ear—
Who cares if the beggar is cold?

"Alas, it is Winter, and wo is me!"
The widow exclaims, and clasps
The shivering Orphans around her knee,
In a wild and phrenzied grasp,
Through the frosted pane on the life-thronged way,
A laughing crowd she sees,
And merrily jingle the sleigh-bells gay,
While the Widow and Orphans freeze!

Ay! Winter is drear! O, ye rich, ne'er smile
At my simple and homely Muse,
Nor the tale of the poor man's woes revile,
Nor a helping hand refuse;
For Heaven has blest you with stores of gold,
And how should your thanks appear,
But by shielding the poor from hunger and cold,
And making their lives less drear!

[N. Y. Tribune.

THE SACO AND THE MERRIMACK.

Here are two rills which from one fountain flow,
But Eastward one, the other Westward hies;
Both to a common goal their journey go,—
But this one's path along green meadows lies,
Through flower banks, and under softest skies;—
That, o'er its rocky bed, with turbid flow,
Mid noise and tumult to the ocean flies:—
So from one threshold brothers may depart,
On life's long journey each his separate way,—
One, through divinest scenes, with happiest heart,
One, o'er hard, frowning, arid wastes, and gray,—
But both at last their heads on the same bosom lay.

[Dr. Elisha Bartlett.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WIFE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful creature when I first saw her. She was standing up at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflections of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her a few moments, with unmingled admiration, and warm and eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead and melted in beauty on his lips.

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of heaven, and every heart blessed them, as they went away rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I again saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of sunset stole through half-closed crimsoned curtains, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting and the exquisite embellishment of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lips were somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant, anxiety and ambition, and pride had grown over it, and left the traces upon it; a silver hue was mingled with the dark in his hair, which had become thin around his temples, almost to baldness. He was reclining on his splendid ottoman with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to-night," said the wife in a low, sweet, half enquiring voice, as she laid her hands upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidden glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsive features and the gloomy brow, the indefinable shadows of hidden emotion, the involuntary sighs of sorrows in which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know. The wife assayed once more.

"Edward, she said, slowly, mildly, and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one who had never, I trust, betrayed your confidence! Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve! You are troubled, and yet refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as a God, and had failed in a high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed, he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of the land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen, miserably fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward," my dear Edward," she said, "I have come to save you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God, my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash.

"I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured in the choaked tone of agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be able to pass out unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself."

"But Margaret," said the husband, you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not to me, my dearest Edward," said the devoted woman. "I can endure anything for your sake. Haste, Edward, and all will be well," and she aided, with a trembling hand, to disguise the proud form of her husband in female garb.

"Farewell my love my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady, that the time alloted to her visit had expired.

"Farewell! we shall not meet again," responded the wife; and the husband passed out unsuspected and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again; the wife and husband; but only as the dead meet, in the awful communings of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit until the last great purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband—and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found, wrapped in the habilaments of their destined victim, the pale, but beautiful corpse of the devoted WIFE.

FLOWERS.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East, delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far West clasps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers; the orange buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.

All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High. [Lydia Maria Child.

HUMMING BIRDS IN BRAZIL.

Wherever a creeping vine opens its fragrant clusters, or wherever a tree-flower blooms, may these little things be seen. In the garden or in the woods, over the water, every where they are darting about; of all sizes, from one that might be easily mistaken for a different kind of bird, to the tiny Hermit, *T. rufigaster*, whose body is not half the size of the bees buzzing about the same sweets. The blossoms of the inga-tree, as before remarked, bring them in great numbers about the rosinhas of the city, and the collector may shoot as fast as he can load the day long. Sometimes they are seen chasing each other in sport with a rapidity of flight and intricacy of path the eye is puzzled to follow. Again, circling round and round, they rise high in mid air, then dart off like light to some distant attraction. Perched upon a limb, they smooth their plumes, and seem to delight in their dazzling hues, then starting off leisurely, they skim along, stopping capriciously to kiss the coquetting flowers. Often they meet in mid air and furiously fight, their crests, and the feathers upon their throats all erected and blazing, and altogether pictures of the most violent rage. Several times we have seen them battling with large black bees, who frequent the same flowers, and may be supposed often to interfere provokingly. Like lightning our little heroes would come down, but the coat of shining mail would ward their furious strokes. Again and again would they renew the attack, until their anger had expended itself by its own fury, or until the apathetic bee, once roused, had put forth powers that drove the invader from the field. A boy in the city several times brought us humming birds alive in a glass cage. He had brought them down while, standing motionless in the air, they rifled the flowers, by balls of clay blown from a hollowed tube. [Edward's Voyage up the River Amazon.

THE KIND DEED SPOILT BY THE UNKIND WORD.

As a little girl, named Garafelia, was walking out with her mamma, she met another little girl. Now Gara's nurse had washed and dressed her very neatly, and she held a boquet of pretty flowers in her hand, but the little girl she met had no nurse to wash and dress her, so her face was soiled, and her clothes ragged. Seeing the flowers, she ran up and begged some.—Gara threw the boquet some distance off for her, saying, 'the dirty thing! I wish she would not come so close to me.' Then the little girl picked up the flowers, but as she turned to thank Gara, a tear was in her eye; so the kind deed was spoilt by the unkind word. Now when the children were all gathered round at evening, Gara's mother told them the following story, called

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

On a cold, bitter cold day in January, as some of the kind ladies of the temperance society were going home, they saw a rabble of boys hooting after a poor drunken man. They immediately had him taken into a place of refuge, in order to restore him to his family, but alas! bad health and the sudden cold had done their last work upon him; he died soon after he was taken in.

There was one boy among the crowd who knew him, and the ladies went with this boy, whose name was John, to see his wife. They found the poor creature destitute, cold and hungry, with a little baby-boy in her arms, and another at her feet, about two years old, crying for something to eat. The ladies gave them enough to eat, had the man buried, and then placed the woman in a situation to provide for herself and children.

Some years after, the eldest of the little boys, whose name was Francis, or Frank, as they called him, came to get a place in a store where they wanted a boy; he was a well-behaved boy and they took him. He was there nearly a year, and had won the regard of all by his good conduct. He had often been asked about his father, and, as his mother had not told him that he died a drunkard's death, he had said as little as possible, and no one in the store knew anything about it, and Frank was very happy. He worked hard, but he did not care, so that he was thought as much of as the other boys, who had good fathers, and could carry a handful of wages home to his mother.

One day, a merchant came in to see his employer, and while they were talking Frank passed by. As he went, the merchant saw him, and inquired who he was. The merchant was no other than the John who helped carry home Frank's father ten years before, but who had been away ever since, and was now quite rich. As soon as he heard the name, he called him, and telling him how glad he was he had done so well, and hoped he would continue so to do, took a five dollar bill out of his pocket, and said, 'Here is something for you and your mother;' adding, to the gentleman, 'a *drunkard's child* I always feel for, and it seems but yesterday that I went home with his father,' telling the circumstances.

Now all the boys and clerks in the store were listening to the history, and, as is often the case, there was one bad boy among them, who, instead of trying to raise himself by doing well, was envious, and tried to pull Frank down.—Now, as soon as Frank came out, he shouted, 'Nothing but a *drunkard's child*, after all, Mr. Smart,—a drunkard's child, eh!' Then Frank went home to his mother, and he felt so bad, his mother made him tell her what was the matter; then she felt bad, too, and they had both much rather not have had the five dollars, than to have had them with all the bitter feelings brought with them. For his mother had never told Frank that his father was a bad man, and it had been a great pleasure to her in her grief, that, having moved into a place where she was not known, the bright, happy thoughts of her boys were not clouded by thinking their father had filled a drunkard's grave. Now the whole story has been told them, *never to be untold*, and as little Frank sobbed himself to sleep that night, he felt that *the kind deed had been spoilt by the unkind word*, and John, the merchant, would have given much to recall what he had said afterward, but could not.

Guard well your words, dear children; when you think to say anything, in any way, against a little child or a large one, do not say it, for you may hurt their feelings, and make yourself sorry, and displease your Heavenly Father, who has said, 'Do unto others even as ye would that they should do unto you.' [Ch. Reflector.

THE LITTLE BOY, WITH HIS STICK IN THE BEE-HIVE.

Theodore Thinker tells us, that he does not know of any thing calculated to make a boy feel more foolish, than to be detected in a mischievous action. He says—suppose we let him tell his own story—"When I was a little boy, as near as I can recollect, about 9 years of age, I went with my brother one bright Saturday afternoon, when there was no school, to visit at the house of Captain Perry. The Captain was esteemed one of the kindest and best natured neighbors in Willow Lane, where my father lived; and Julian, the Captain's eldest son, very near my own age, was among all the boys at school, my favorite playfellow. Captain Perry had two bee-hives in his garden, where we were all three at play; and as I watched the busy little fellows at work bringing in honey from the fields, all at once I thought it would be a very fine thing to thrust a stick into the hole which I saw in one of the hives, and bring out some of the honey. My brother and Julian did not quite agree with me in this matter. They thought, as nearly as I can recollect, that there were three good reasons against this mode of obtaining honey: first, I should be likely to get pretty badly stung; secondly the act would be a very mean and cowardly piece of mischief; and thirdly, I should be found out.

"Still I was bent on the chivalrous undertaking. I procured a stick of the right size, and marched up to the hive to make the attack.—While I was deliberating, with the stick already a little in the hole, whether I had better thrust it in suddenly, and then scamper away as fast as my legs could carry me, or proceed so deliberately that the bees would not suspect what was the matter, Captain Perry happened to come into the garden; and I was so busy with my mischief, that I did not notice him until he advanced within a rod or two of the bee-hives. He mistrusted what I was about. "Theodore," said he. I looked around. I am sure I would have given all I was worth in the world, not excepting my little pony, which I regarded as a fortune, if, by some magic or other, I could have got out of this scrape. But it was too late. I hung my head down, as may be imagined, while the Captain went on with his speech—"Theodore, if I were in your place,—(I heartily wished he was in my place, but I did not say so: I said nothing in fact,) if I were in your place, I would not disturb those poor, harmless bees, in that way. If you should put that stick into the hive, as you were thinking of doing, it would take the bees a whole week to mend up their cells. That is not the way we get honey. I don't wonder you are fond of honey, though, children generally are fond of it; and if you will go into the house, Mrs. Perry will give you as much as you wish, I am sure."

"This was twenty years ago, perhaps more. I have met Captain Perry a hundred times since. Indeed I shook his hand last summer—for he is still living, the same warm-hearted, hard-working farmer; yet even now I cannot look upon his frank, honest countenance, but I distinctly call to mind the Quixotic adventure with the bees, and I feel almost as much ashamed as I did when I was detected." [Youth's Cabinet.

JEALOUSY OF THE STORK. In Smyrna there are a great number of Storks who build their nests and hatch their young very regularly. The inhabitants, in order to divert themselves at the expense of these birds, and gratify a cruel disposition, sometimes convey hen's eggs into the stork's nest; and when the young are hatched, the cock, on seeing them of a different form from his own species, makes a hideous noise, which brings a crowd of other storks about the nest, who to revenge the disgrace which they imagine the female has brought upon her race, immediately peck her to death. The cock in the mean time, makes the heaviest lamentation, as if bewailing his misfortune, which obliged him to have recourse to such extreme punishment.

EFFECTS OF THE ABSENCE OF SUN AND AIR. Dr. Moore, the eloquent and amiable author of "The Use of the Body in relation to the Mind," says:—"A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog, and an infant, deprived of heaven's free light, would only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beauteous and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveller. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many citizens are capable of an articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is, in almost all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and that those are the healthiest, *ceteris paribus*, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, open fully to direct light. It is a well known fact that epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady of a street, and totally except those on the other side: and even in endemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its action.

PROGNOSTICS. In Scotland, the first boy in a class or form, is called dux—the last, booby. Dr. Chalmers, in encouraging the unhonored of his moral philosophy students, used to tell a story of two young men who were educated together in the town school of St. Andrews. One of them was uniformly dux—the other uniformly booby; but in after life the booby turned out to be the Lord Chancellor of England, (Lord Erskine,) and the dux, dominie of Elie, (a village in Life.) Schoolmasters, not ministers, are called dominies by the Scotch. The story is apropos, but a remarkable exception to a general rule.

LONGEVITY OF WOMEN. We see it stated, that the widow of the celebrated Dr. Rush is still living at the age of 90 in Philadelphia. She is the mother of Hon. Richard Rush, Minister to France, and Mrs. James and William Rush, the first of whom is author of one of the most profound and original treatises ever published on the Voice. The widow of Lewis Morris, we believe, still resides in the vicinity of New York; Mrs. Madison is in Washington; Mrs. Bradford, widow of the first and greatest Attorney General of the United States, is in Burlington, New Jersey; and Mrs. Hamilton, a daughter of the brave and accomplished General Schuyler, *sans et peur sans reproche*, and wife of the immortal statesman, who, with Washington and Marshall, constituted the most glorious trinity of human beings that ever acted in concert, we saw a few days since in Broadway. Here are five of the belles who graced the levees of the first President! What an interesting party, could they be re-assembled! [Lit. World.

SANDWICH ISLANDS. Mr. Gulick is now laboring at Waialua, on the Island of Oahu, in connection with Mr. Emerson. For the purpose of improving his health, which has been considerably impaired for several years, he made an excursion to Hawaii last year, visiting nearly all the stations occupied by the mission on that Island. Having landed at Hilo and visited the great volcano, he proceeded to Waimea, Kawahoe, Kohala, Kailua and Kaawaloa. His general impressions in regard to the progress made by the natives, are communicated in the following paragraphs.

Through all the distance which I travelled, I was struck with the change which is rapidly taking place in the appearance and condition of the Hawaiians. I had supposed that this change was nearly confined to the inhabitants of the seaports and their vicinity; but it appears to be general. Should the transformation go forward in its present ratio a few years, there will be scarcely a vestige left of the costume which was almost universal fifteen years ago

My subsequent acquaintance with those inhabitants of Oahu, who are most remote from its seaport, corroborates the preceding remark.—They now demand calico and cotton of a much superior quality to what they bought eagerly a few years since.

There are now streets well laid out, good roads, several respectable buildings, besides the three mission houses; and others are in the process of erection. Owing to the safety of the harbor, the abundance and excellence of the water, its accessibility, the fertility of the adjacent land, &c., it can scarcely fail to be a place of importance, so long as there shall be commerce in the North Pacific.

The cultivation of sugar and coffee in Hawaii is receiving more and more attention. The former is confined to the northern parts; but the latter grows in the west, as well as the north.

On the Sabbath, I preached twice to attentive orderly and respectable audiences at Waipio;—and the congregation was larger than I had expected to see, as they had no previous intimation of my coming. The house was thatched, and entirely in Hawaiian style. But it was rendered comfortable by a pulpit and settees of their own workmanship. Many of my hearers manifested a pleasing interest in the subject discussed, and in spiritual matters in general. I did not learn that a single foreigner resided in the valley;—and being twelve miles from Waimea, they can only occasionally have the benefit of Mr. Lyon's labors. These things being taken into the account, the inhabitants of this secluded spot seemed to furnish as striking an illustration of the happy influence of the gospel at these islands, as any part of the nation that has come under my observation. The kind people had a table set for us, and food cooked, in a civilized and comfortable style. [Miss. Herald.

MANUFACTURE OF WATCHES AT GENEVA.—The manufacture of watches, musical boxes, and jewelry, is that to which Geneva owes its present prosperity. Upwards of fifty work shops devoted to watch making, and seventy to the jeweller's trade, are kept in constant employment; and it has been calculated that in good years seventy-five thousand marks of silver, and precious stones to the value of a million of francs, are used in them. One hundred thousand watches are said to be now annually manufactured in Geneva.

At the Phi Beta Kappa dinner, Rev. I. Richmond related the following capital story, which was given him in Italy by his friend, one of the parties, Henry Crabbe Robinson, a well known and benevolent English barrister. When, said Mr. Robinson, I told Charles Lamb the history of my first *brief*, he said, stammering until he came to the quotation of Pope, which he pronounced in a clear full voice—"Wh-en you g-o-t your fir-fir-st br-br-brief, di-di-did-n't you s-s-say,

"Thou first great cause, least understood?"

EFFECT OF PAVEMENTS UPON HEALTH. The corporation of Liverpool having recently paved the courts and alleys of that town, it has been observed that the health of the people residing in them has wonderfully improved, and that deaths were less frequent. This led to further inquiry, and attention was directed to six of the worst courts in Liverpool. Of them Mr. Carr, of the southern dispensary, remarks that they were formerly so notoriously unhealthy that the medical attendant was hardly ever out of them, and when any epidemic visted the town, these places exhibited their results in perfection.

Since these sinks of insalubrity have been paved, the change in the health of the inhabitants has been more remarkable than what may have been anticipated. In one place, (Bridgeport court) which contains eighteen houses, the cases of sickness were eighteen before to four after the flags were laid down. In another alley (Oak court) the proportion is five cases now to twenty-eight in former years; and so far as observation has been extended, which it has been to fifty-seven of the houses, the fronts of which have been paved, to eighty-five cases of sickness which occurred before paving, only sixteen have taken place since. The obvious effect of smoothing causeways, by means of flags or other paving materials, is to do away with such inequalities as form receptacles for the stagnant water left by rain, and the offals of food with which the poor are apt to strew the fronts of their residences. The malaria thus produced is productive of agues and other painful and fatal diseases. It is therefore the duty of all official persons who have the charge of these matters in towns, not only to see that their streets are well paved for the convenience of pedestrians, but for the health of the public. [Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

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